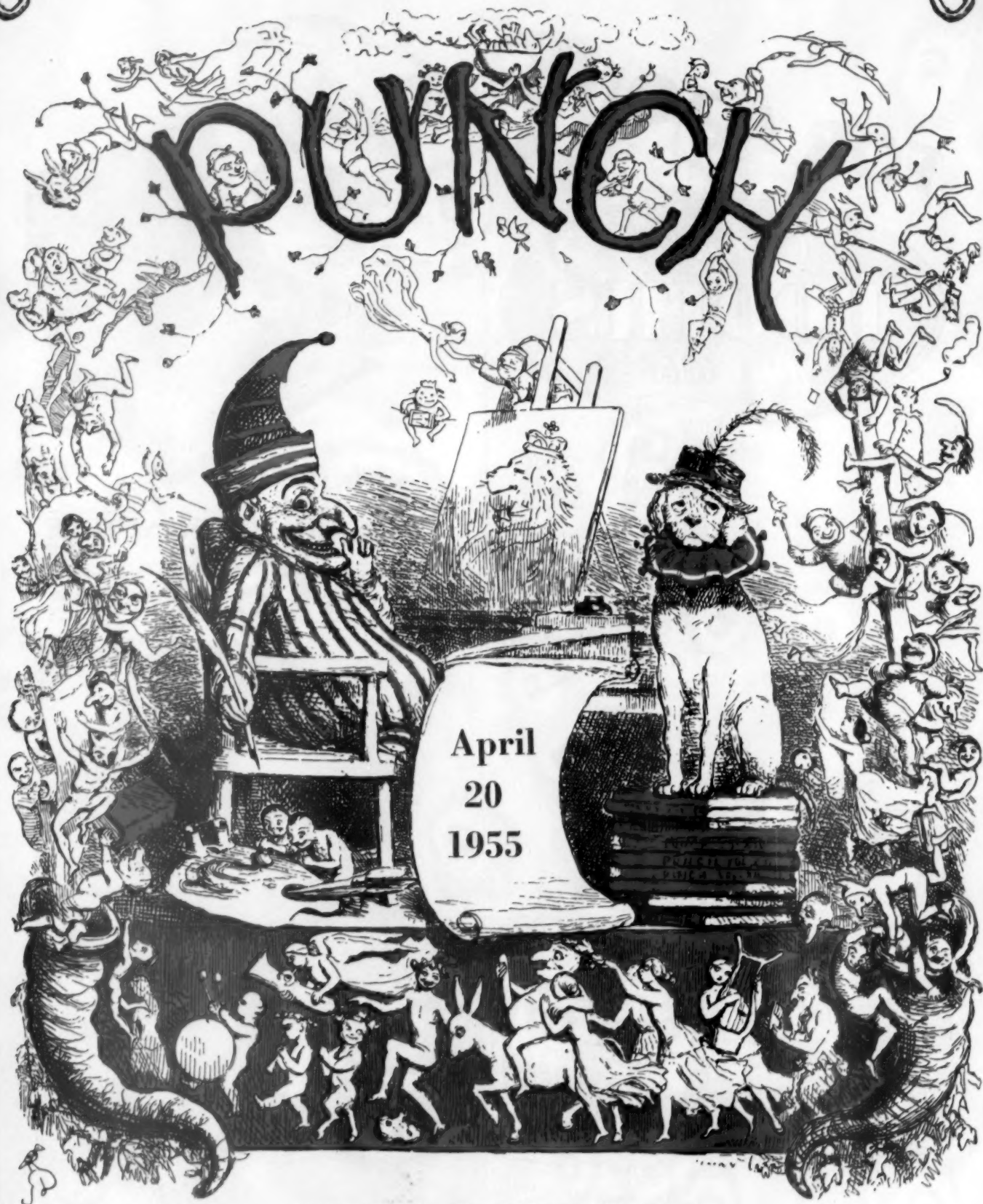


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—April 20 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

FOR A "TONIC"

Choose
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE ROYAL NAVY
AND ROYAL AIR FORCE
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD.



In $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cartons
and 1 lb. & 2 lb. boxes



Tobler
Symphony

Ideal for Birthdays, Theatres or Television
EACH EXQUISITE CHOCOLATE A JOY TO EAT



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Here **IT** is!

Here's the thing every motorist looks for in a car — and is to be found in every Standard car. What is IT? It's **ECONOMY**. Economy that enables the Standard owner to get the maximum performance at minimum cost. This means *more miles per gallon*; *greater running efficiency*, which in turn reduces maintenance costs; *greater roominess*, which means the *full use of all available space* — and all this amounts to the finest value for money in cars to-day. That's why Standard motoring means *confident motoring*.



THE STANDARD TEN

4 forward hinged, fully opening doors. 4 cylinder, 948 c.c. engine. 40/50 miles per gallon. Maximum speed 68 miles per hour. Girling hydraulic brakes. Triplex toughened glass. Spacious luggage boot with separate compartment for spare wheel. Adjustable front seats. Steel panelled body, rustproofed by Bonderizing process and fully dustproofed.

Price: £2409 (P.T. £171 10s. 10d.)

OUTRIGHT WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S R.A.C. RALLY

Standard Cars

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND
London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Square, W.1. Tel: Grosvenor 8181



Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches

YOU KNOW their names as you know your own. You know their faces from a thousand newspaper photographs, their life stories from a hundred magazine articles. You have seen them and heard their voices on newsreels and on your television screen. Their actions and decisions influence the pattern of our lives.

We cannot mention their names, or show pictures of them. It would not be fitting to do so, for they include royalty, the heads of states, great service commanders. But we invite you to look carefully at the next pictures that you see of them, at their wrists as well as their faces and clothes. You will notice that in almost every case they wear a wrist-watch. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

We are proud of the service given by Rolex watches to so many eminent men. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the performance of these watches is, in the highest degree, accurate and dependable.

The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust, the most remarkable achievement in watchmaking today. The extraordinary accuracy of its chronometer movement is attested by the fact that every Datejust is awarded an Official Timing Certificate by a Swiss Government Testing Station, with the added distinction "Especially good results." This movement is protected from all hazards by the famous waterproof Oyster case, invented by Rolex. It is automatically self-wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism, another Rolex invention. This keeps the tension on the mainspring constant and makes for even greater accuracy. The date is shown on the dial, changing automatically each night at midnight, and magnified by a "Cyclops" lens for easy reading.



A ROLEX
RED SEAL
CHRONOMETER

The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—culmination of three Rolex triumphs. In 1910 Rolex gained their first Official Timing Certificate for a wrist-chronometer. Now Rolex have produced 250,000 Officially Certified wrist-chronometers—three times as many as the rest of the Swiss watch industry combined. In 1926 Rolex invented the Oyster case, the first truly waterproof case in the world. The rugged and sturdy Oyster protects the movement, permanently, from water, dust and dirt. In 1931 Rolex invented the first "rotor" self-winding mechanism. A new refinement of this Perpetual "rotor" powers the Oyster Perpetual, silently and automatically, actuated by every slightest movement of the wrist.



ROLEX

*A landmark
in the history of
Time measurement*



A ROLEX
RED SEAL
CHRONOMETER

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Governing Director), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, and 1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.
and THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



By Appointment to the late King George VI.

Charles H. Pugh Ltd., Motor Mower Manufacturers

The TWO-WHEEL *multi-purpose* **ATCOSCYTHE**

The complete answer to the problem of unruly, unsightly herbage on road verges, poultry runs, orchards, golf course rough, etc., etc.

There have been power scythes before but never one approaching this for complete efficiency, economy and ease of operation. An immense amount of research has gone into the design of the Two-wheel Atcoscythe. Sturdy, compact and well-balanced, it is so light to handle, so easy to manoeuvre and so smooth in operation — it's a sheer delight to use. Like all Atco products the Atcoscythe is backed by the famous nation-wide Atco Service.

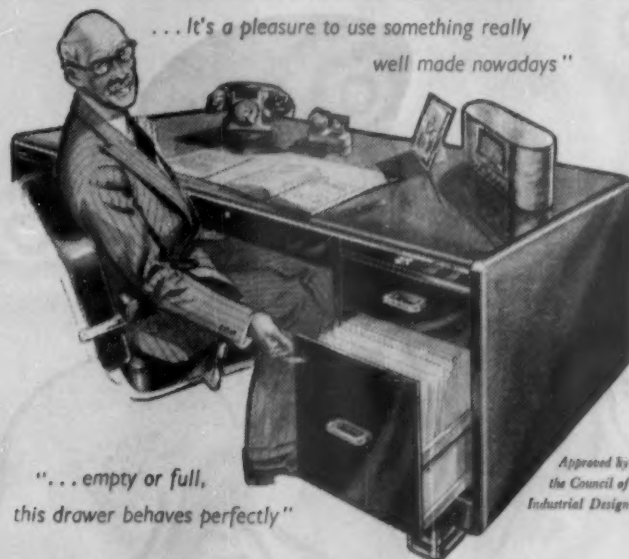


You certainly must try one — a demonstration can be arranged quite simply through your nearest Atco Branch. Your Atco Dealer if necessary can put you in touch. Or write for fully illustrated folder to :—



Here the Atcoscythe fitted with the alternative rotary type of cutting head, is shown mowing grass adjoining orchard. Attachments for use with the Atcoscythe are progressively becoming available and will turn your Atcoscythe into a multi-purpose time- and labour-saving implement of immeasurable value over a wide range of work.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., P.O. BOX 256, ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9



"... empty or full,
this drawer behaves perfectly"

Approved by
the Council of
Industrial Design

CONSTRUCTORS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

A good name for craftsmanship in

STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE & FACTORY

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CONSTRUCTORS GROUP, Tyburn Road, Birmingham 24. Tel. *ERDington 1616

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STAND D401/300 B.I.F. BIRMINGHAM



When it's an occasion...

Morning Suits for Sale or Hire



MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES

How an Aquascutum coat misled the Russians



LT. GENERAL GOODLAKE, one of the first men to receive a V.C., served through the whole of the Crimean war.

On one guerilla raid he and a sergeant had left their men while they examined some caves on the other side of a ravine. Suddenly a large force of Russians appeared, cutting them off from their troop. Goodlake and the sergeant clubbed the nearest attackers and ran down into the ravine, now filled with the enemy.

Owing to the grey coats they were wearing, they were mistaken for Russians. So they marched along in the enemy's ranks until they came up with their own men, whom they rejoined without difficulty.

The grey coat, worn by Goodlake, with other relics of the Crimean war, has been preserved at Newstead Abbey. This coat was made by Aquascutum in 1854. The material is a showerproofed all wool cloth, and the coat was called the 'Scutum.



THE 'SCUTUM TODAY

Today's 'Scutum is also showerproofed, and, being warm but light in weight, can be worn at any time of the year.

The 'Scutum, in West of England, is made in herringbones, plain colours, over-checks, or hound's-tooth checks, in greys, fawns, browns, lovat or heather-mixture. Styles are raglan or with an inset sleeve.

The 'Scutum is also made in handsome, hard-wearing Coaching Covert in greys, fawn, and lovat. It costs 17 gns.

Aquascutum

LONDON: 100 Regent Street

MANCHESTER: St. Ann's Sq. LIVERPOOL: 50 Bold St. BRISTOL: 78 Park St.

and at the best shops throughout the country

**We shall need
that sunshine
cruise again this
year, my dear!**



There is nothing like a P & O cruise to put you on top of the world; fit, feeling fine and ready to face an English winter. You can enjoy 11 to 13 days of sheer bliss, idling away the sunlit hours watching a blue sea slipping by, or joining in the fun on the sports deck as the mood dictates. Entertainment is there in plenty and from the moment you come aboard, your comfort, convenience and enjoyment are the first thoughts of the friendly crew.

This year make sure of the sun



CRUISE WITH P & O

IBERIA 13 days. Sails July 2, visiting Gothenburg, Helsingfors, Malmö, Lön, Oslo, Amsterdam.
ARCADIA 11 days. Sails Aug. 16, visiting Lisbon, Malaga, Tenerife, Casablanca.
ARCADIA 13 days. Sails Sept. 3, visiting Naples, Cannes, Malaga, Vigo.
ARCADIA 13 days. Sails Sept. 17, visiting Barcelona, Spezia, Gibraltar, Lisbon.
ARCADIA 13 days. Sails Oct. 1, visiting Cádiz, Palma, Pollensa Bay, Catania, Syracuse, Gibraltar.

First class accommodation only available

Full details from Chief Passenger Office 14/16 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. WHI: 4444
122 Lendenhall Street, London, E.C.3. AVE: 8000 or your local Travel Agent.



WILDFOWL FELT CAP

THE CAP WITH A DIFFERENCE. NEW STREAMLINED SHAPE—MADE IN ONE PIECE FROM PLIABLE FELT

CHRISTYS' CAPS

Obtainable from men's shops everywhere

Address of nearest stockist from: 8 10 Lower James Street, London, W.1.



Not born yesterday

How pleasant sometimes to stand aside.
To slip into an older, gentler world.
To think that even now some things take
years, not minutes, to produce. To remember that no-one and
nothing can hurry the slow, subtle ageing of White
Horse Whisky, transmuting its ardour to a soft and
golden glow. Even in these feverish days there are
times when Time itself has to stand almost still.

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky





The equilibrist of Lombard Street...

Delightful as it might be to finance trips to the moon or devices for perpetual motion — would you do it with money entrusted to you for safe-keeping?

The investment experts of the Insurance Offices are sometimes criticised for not indulging heavily in so-called 'risk' investments. But the funds which they handle are, in the main, the savings of millions of policy-holders. These funds *must* be safely and shrewdly invested.

The Insurance Offices are really much more enterprising than their critics believe. They are by no means wedded to 'gilt-edged' for life. One third of their assets are invested in Industry; and in 'equities' alone £500 million.

In fact a happy balance is preserved between security and enterprise. Because Insurance funds are vast and safe, people trust Insurance. And only because people trust Insurance are the funds vast and safe. Insurance is being responsibly, resourcefully — yes, even creatively — handled by practical people with *your* interests in the forefront of their minds.

British Insurance Offices

Issued by the British Insurance Association

**"I wondered about
our accounting
but he reassured me..."**



"My business has been expanding a lot, you know. And I wasn't sure that our accounting department could handle the extra work. So I called in this Burroughs man. I told him all I could. Then he and our Chief Accountant went into the whole matter thoroughly. Later he told me frankly that we'd no need to change yet. Glad I called him in, though. ..."

The Burroughs man is at your disposal, without cost, as an experienced adviser on all accounting questions — and is well qualified to work with your accountant or auditors.

If you wish, he will simply examine your existing system. And if he considers it satisfactory he will certainly say so.

But often he is called in because there is a problem to which he can apply his wide experience of business systems and mechanization. But he won't try to alter your routines just to suit certain machines. Rather,

after analyzing your problem, he will suggest the most efficient and practical solution — with real savings in time and money.

If he does recommend any change, he prepares a detailed plan for its execution, and helps you get it running smoothly. He will make sure you always get full benefit from any Burroughs machine you install.

Whatever your business, large or small — if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Call in the Burroughs man as soon as you like — you're committed to nothing, and his advice is free. You'll find the number of your nearest Burroughs office in your local telephone book. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.


Here is how one Burroughs man solved a particular problem: For several years the demand for the expanding range of products made by Storeys of Lancaster had been steadily increasing.

This called for a reorganization of their stock records to give more detailed and readily available information, so that production could be planned to meet the growing demand from both home and abroad. But how, without extra staff?

Mr. W. D. Dwyer, the Burroughs man who co-operated with Storeys in meeting their requirements without extra staff, is seen here with one of the Burroughs Senimatrics that made this possible.



**FOR SPECIALIST ADVICE ON MECHANIZED
ACCOUNTING METHODS CALL IN**

THE  Burroughs MAN

WALLSPAN

can give you more
floor space all round !

*Wallspan Outer Walls can
add 100 sq. feet to every floor of
an office block like this*



1 Conventional Wall
Construction is 11 inches
thick.

2 Wallspan members are only 5 inches thick*.
So they give you an extra 6 inches of space
the length of the wall. In a building 100 feet
long—with elevations similar to the one illus-
trated—Wallspan walls will give you 100 square
feet extra rentable space on each floor.

*Wallspan members are made in various thicknesses for different ceiling heights. The 5-inch one is usual for offices and other buildings needing only normal headroom.

Wallspan is the most remarkable building development of modern times. It offers substantial gains in construction time, insulation and design—and gives appreciably more floor space.

How Wallspan gives more space. In today's buildings, the steel-and-concrete framework carries the weight. The outer walls simply keep out the weather and keep in the warmth. And, of course, provide the setting for windows and doors.

Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, light in weight, slim in section, which is bolted to the structural frame. Into it are fixed windows, doors and panelling. In suitable installations the vertical and horizontal grid members can be as little as five inches thick, with solid panelling two inches thick

—compared with the eleven inches of a conventional wall. The drawings, above, show how much *extra* rentable floor space this means on every floor of your building.

Wallspan keeps more warmth inside. The 2-inch-thick panels of a Wallspan wall can easily be constructed to give 50 per cent better heat-retention than cavity brick. It goes without saying that Wallspan walls are weatherproof and durable!

Wallspan goes up in DAYS. Wallspan construction is extremely quick. The grid is easily bolted on. Into it go sheets of glass or window frames to give you light and air. It is then completed with your own choice of panelling from a range of materials that offer new beauty of appearance and design!

WALLSPAN CURTAIN WALLING

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS

RELIANCE WORKS · CHESTER

You'll be using your building sooner—much sooner—if it has Wallspan walls

— the most heavenly shave on earth !



NEW!

ERASMIC

Shaving Creams

— FOR COMFORT THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD !

LATHER CREAM

Just squeeze—and you've a brushful of bristle-softening lather! So comfortable, you hardly know the blade is there.

BRUSHLESS CREAM

For enthusiasts of the no-brush method—the same comfort. No razor-pull, no soreness—even on those tender places.



P.S.

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK IS BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLER!
— proof that if you like the stick way
of shaving you cannot buy a better stick.

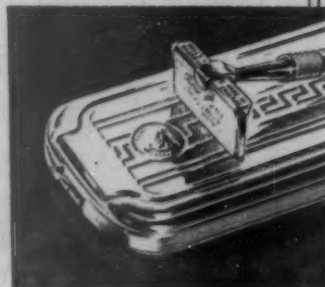
Money and minutes both saved . . . with

The finest
shaving instrument in
the world

ROLLS RAZOR

The One-Blade Safety

Here, without any reservation, is the finest shaving instrument in the world. Honed and stropped in its case, its one hollow-ground Sheffield-steel blade will give years of speedy luxurious shaving and save pounds on blade buying.



From local dealers everywhere.

Price 53/3d. complete, or in leather Pouch Set with extra blade 79/6d.
(Prices include Tax and apply in U.K. only)

ROLLS RAZOR
Masters in the Art of Shaving

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works and Service, Cricklewood, N.W.2
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only)

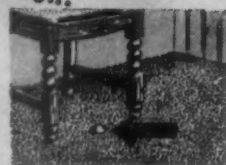


IS THIS INTRUDER
IN YOUR HOME

EATING AWAY YOUR FURNITURE
AND WOODWORK?

LOOK FOR THESE SIGNS...

Small piles of wood dust or holes (pinhead size) in your furniture, in cupboards or floorboards, indicate boring insects which in a short time will spread—causing untold damage. Woodworm is quite common but early treatment can save expense later. Apply Rentokil Timber Fluid, the proven destroyer, by brush and injector.



AND APPLY

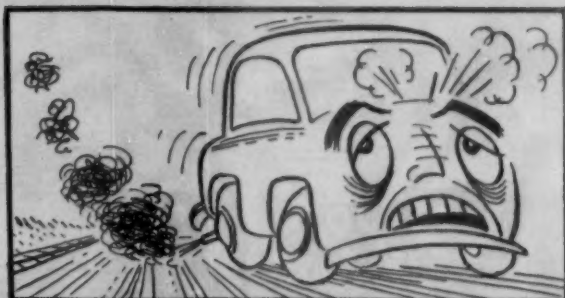
RENTOKIL
TIMBER FLUID

Size: 4 oz. to 1 gal., and in Complete Outfit comprising 16 oz. R.T.F. and Injector 10z. 6d.
Use RENTOKIL Insecticidal FURNITURE CREAM and protect as you polish, 1/3 and 2/3 from local stockists.



KILLS
WOODWORM

THE RENTOKIL WOODWORM & DRY ROT CENTRE (P.) 22 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.
T/C/1



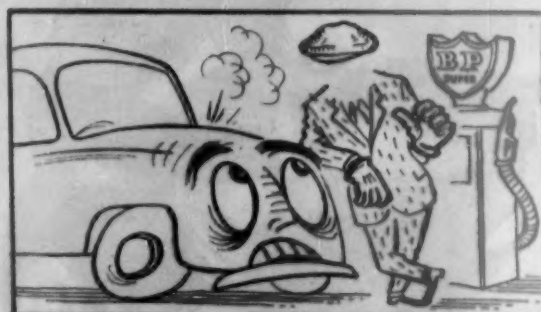
Don't know what's wrong with me — I'm all choked up round the carburettor, flat spots before the eyes, out of tune and can't eat up my miles. I'll try an elixir.



You're suffering from a surfeit of sedative additives. I'll give you a mercuric rise in m.p.g.



It's your tubes. You can't beat S.A.g. It gets you breathing freely and sets you up for mountain climbing, desert crossing and getting from Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner.



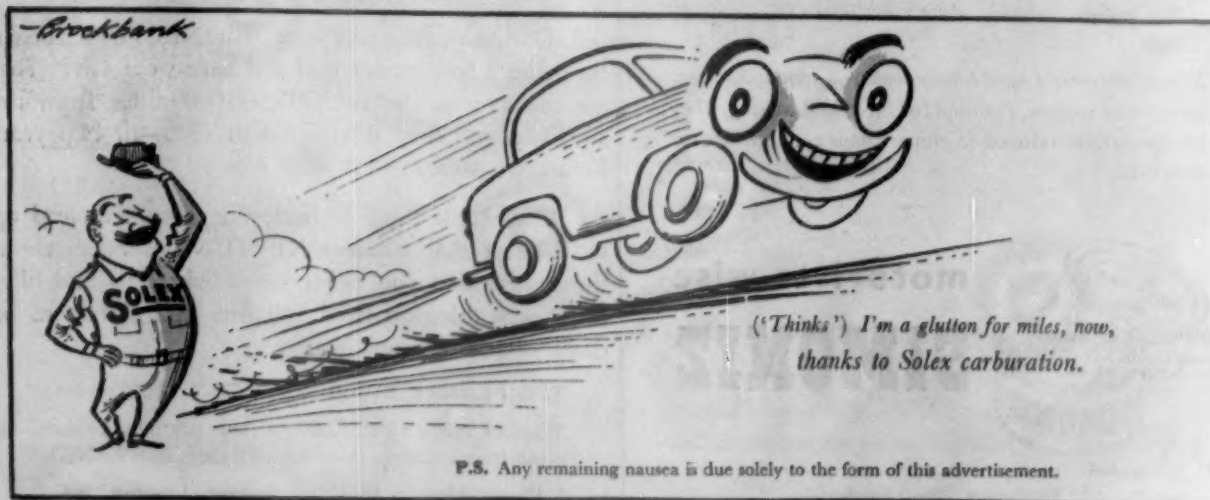
Faulty elimination is your trouble. Get rid of your waste products. Use our laxative OKP-2.



Off your fodder? Our elixir will give you more gallops to the gallon and you can eat all the miles you like with no fear of flatulence.



It's your carburation, dear. I was like you once until I took to Solex. I always wear one now.



(*'Thinks'*) I'm a glutton for miles, now, thanks to Solex carburation.

P.S. Any remaining nausea is due solely to the form of this advertisement.

All right, so I'm a
perfectionist!



That's obvious—he's using SIMONIZ. Only SIMONIZ actually protects your car with a gleaming coat of hard wax that effectively seals the surface of the bodywork against rain, rust and other causes of corrosion. It gives that deep lustrous finish that unmistakably proclaims pride of ownership. A SIMONIZ finish lasts longer too, because of the extra depth of its specially blended waxes—even after months, a quick wash-and-wipe is all that's needed to bring up an "Exhibition model" shine.

For people who prefer a self-polishing liquid wax that shines without rubbing, there's BODYGLAZE—made by Simoniz.

Simoniz Paste or Liquid Kleener ensure a spotlessly clean, grease-free surface, essential for successful waxing. They are specially developed to prepare your car's surface for SIMONIZ.

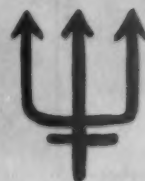


motorists wise
SIMONIZ

Simoniz (England) Limited



GODS IN SEAMAN'S TROUSERS . . .



. . . may seem incongruous, but are often sighted near the Equator, wearing false beards and carrying tridents knocked up by the ship's carpenter. In any case, it's no more incongruous than the modern practice of advertising soft drinks with philosophy, shirts with trigonometry or Building Societies with astro-mythology.

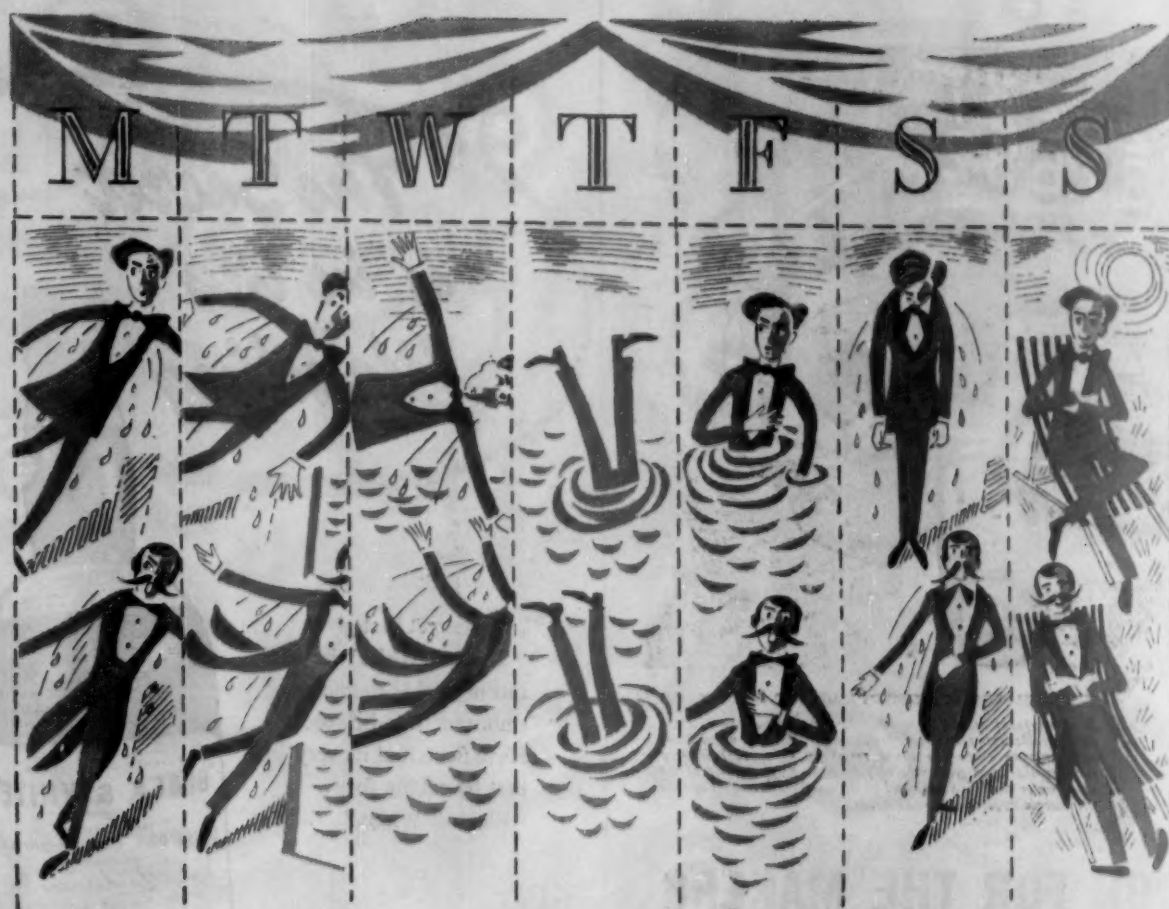
Does anyone really care that NEPTUNE began by being a fresh-water god and later went salt? That on the average he is 2,793,500,000 miles from the sun, and was only discovered in 1846—or two years before we were?

The whole thing is irrelevant, except to lead up to the fact that whereas NEPTUNE wanders about the sky so that you never know where to find him, there is nothing so fixed and firm and certain to be there when you want it as

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY (EST: 1848).

Whether it is £5 or £5,000, your money must be safe, productive and accessible. It is all three in the PLANET.

1 Planet House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2



Never wet on Sundays

Every week-night for 8 months,
two West End actors were pushed fully clothed into a swimming
pool on the stage. Strange as it may seem, the wardrobe mistress

was not a bit perturbed, because the men were clad from head to foot
in garments that did not shrink,

always retained their creases,

and were fully dried out and ready to wear

by the next performance. The secret was, clothes made entirely of 'Terylene' polyester fibre.

This new all-British fibre has a great future.

All sorts of things - from fishing nets to trousers, from curtain fabrics to women's underwear -
can be made from it, and every day brings an extension of its uses.

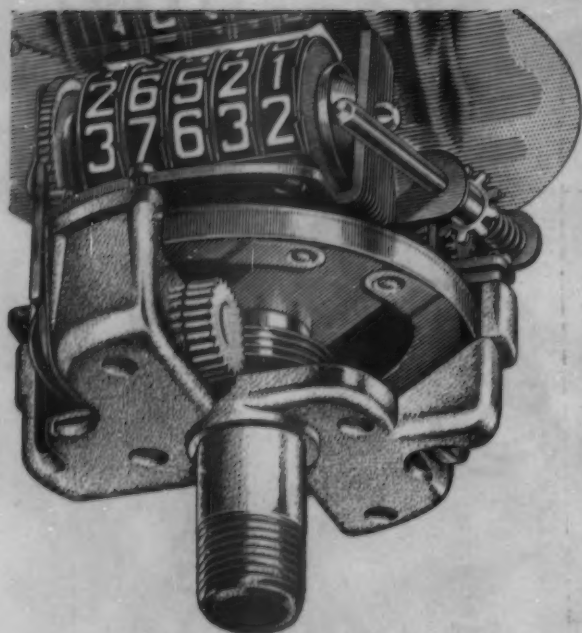
At Wilton, in North Yorkshire, I.C.I. has built a 'Terylene' plant
which started operations early this year,

and during 1956 production will

reach a rate of 22 million lb. annually.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research
and production are serving the Nation.





THE MECHANISM OF A SMITHS MAGNETIC SPEEDOMETER

In most types of Smiths car speedometers a bar magnet, rotated by a flexible cable from the car gear box, revolves close to a metal drum and tends to carry the drum round with it. A hairspring restrains the drum from revolving freely and the position of the speedometer needle is determined by the drag of the magnet against the restraining force of the hairspring.

A JOB FOR THE MAKERS

The moving parts of your Smiths speedometer are as small and as delicate as the parts of a clock—but they move at much higher speeds. Nevertheless, Smiths speedometers normally give tens of thousands of miles of trouble-free service without maintenance of any kind. After extensive use, if the pointer displays a tendency to fluctuate at certain speeds it is probable that the flexible drive has developed a fault and requires attention. A new drive can be quickly fitted by your garage. But if a fault should develop in the instrument itself the only satisfactory remedy is to have it replaced by a Smiths Factory Replacement Unit. This can be done economically and without delay either by your garage or by any Smiths depot. The Factory Replacement Unit carries the same guarantee that new Smiths instruments carry, and the F.R.U. scheme applies to all Smiths accessories that are suitable for rebuilding. For full details of the Smiths F.R.U. scheme please write Smiths Motor Accessories Ltd., Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2.

SMITHS



SMITHS service for better motoring

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LTD., CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF E. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LTD.

*The Secret
is in the
Blending*

... a secret that gives
"Black & White" its
incomparable character,
smoothness and flavour.
Have Scotch at its very
best by calling for
"Black & White."



'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

By Appointment
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



THE WORDS ON THE NEWSPAPER he reads are written in characters that are twirled, convoluted, sinuous: like Eastern acrobats mocking the solemn dignity of this, our more sedate alphabet. Yet Asiatic scripts have a grace all their own. And whether they are read from left to right, right to left, or up and down, one important fact emerges: they are spelling the end of illiteracy. Throughout South East Asia representatives and agents of the Bowater Organisation maintain the flow of paper that is the flow of civilisation. For here, more and more people are reading for information, for news . . . increasing their knowledge and understanding of the world about them.

From the mills of the Bowater Organisation in Europe and North America comes newsprint for the newspapers and journals of the world; other printing papers for magazines and reviews; and paper for packages of almost infinite versatility.

Bowaters



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain United States of America Canada Australia South Africa Republic of Ireland Norway Sweden



more people

are smoking

The sales of du Maurier have steadily increased over recent years. More people *are* smoking du Maurier. They find—just as you will—that the filter adds to the enjoyment of smoking by allowing nothing to spoil the flavour of fine tobacco. Why not make this test yourself—smoke du Maurier for 2 weeks—it will convince you as it has convinced thousands of smokers, that the purer the smoke the greater the pleasure.

du MAURIER

THE FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

CORK TIP IN THE RED BOX · PLAIN TIP (MEDIUM) IN THE BLUE BOX

She's going through a Fortune!

She's munching marzipan and nuts. She's melting her way through truffles. She's dispatching coffee creams in very summary fashion. For these eleven-centred, Caley-delicious chocolates make an assortment after her own heart. And it does more than merely gladden her heart. For (as you know) Fortune makes the heart grow fonder.

2/6 1 lb, 5/- 1b
in the sky blue box



CALEY

make wonderful chocolates



A. J. CALEY LTD, NORWICH

165



JANE WELSH CARLYLE keeps her heart up with Guinness

Chelsea
Thursday, August 5th, 1852

I . . . resolved *not* to stay all day and night at Frome, but to take a Yeovil coach, which started at five and which would take me, I was told, to a wayside inn within eight miles of Sherborne, and there I hoped to find a fly "*or something*". Meanwhile I would proceed to the town of Frome, a mile from the station, and get something to eat, and even drink, "feeling it my duty" to keep my heart up by all needful appliances. I left my little bag at the station, where the coach came, and set my dog quite free, and we pursued our way as calmly and naturally as if we had known where we were going.

. . . I saw several inns, and chose "The George" for its name's sake. I walked in and asked to have some cold meat and a pint bottle of Guinness's porter. They brought me some cold lamb . . . I ate bread, however, and drank all the porter.

From "Jane Welsh Carlyle—A New Selection of her Letters" (arranged by Trudy Bliss), p. 229.

MRS. CARLYLE'S lively epistolary style is a good index of her vigorous and independent personality. She was certainly undaunted by the sequence of precarious connexions then involved in a cross country journey (relying for the last eight miles on "a fly, or something").

Journeys of this sort must have made Guinness doubly welcome to the traveller, especially in August. Bread and Guinness, as Mrs. Carlyle found, is at all times almost a meal in itself. 'Porter', incidentally, seems to have been used loosely for 'stout', and it was probably with Guinness's Stout that she kept her heart up.

Stone bottles, like the one in the picture, were in general use for Guinness and other bottled brews, until about the middle of the 19th Century.



The case of *Scapteriscus vicinus*...

Wherever the mole cricket burrows, crops are sure to be in trouble. With grotesquely developed forelegs acting as shovel and rake for digging, and as shears for clipping roots, this armoured tunneller works its destructive way through many crops — particularly sweet potatoes and tobacco. Its presence is particularly dreaded in nurseries, where it plays havoc with seedlings.

Caribbean and Central American farmers, who have been losing thousands of dollars to mole crickets each year, now meet and destroy this pest with aldrin. This potent soil insecticide, recently developed by Shell, is the perfect answer to mole crickets and to many other pests that spend much of their lives below ground.


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Another recently developed Shell insecticide is dieldrin, possessing exceptional persistence. On foliage, dieldrin controls a very wide range of weevils, beetles, flies and other crop-eating pests. It is also extensively used as a residual spray against disease-carrying insects.

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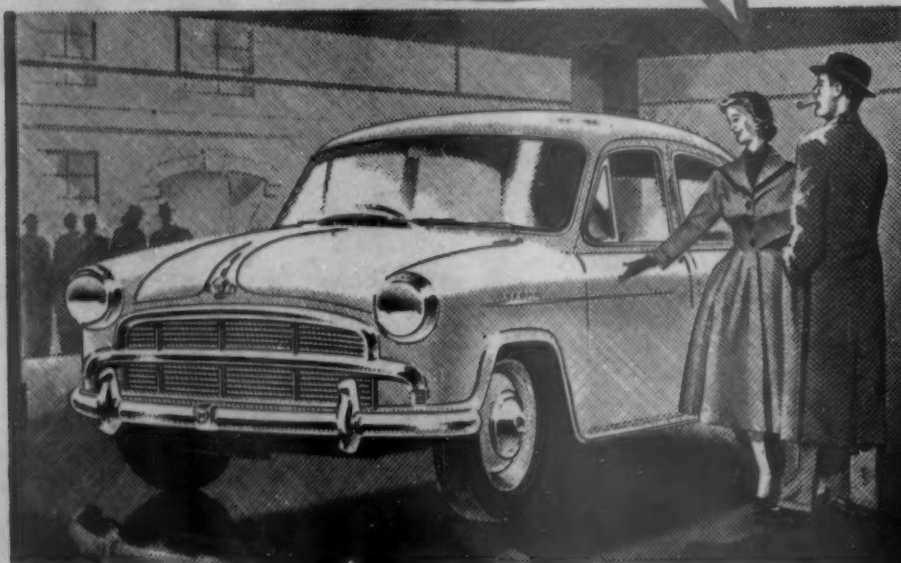


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CHARIVARIA

SIR WALTER MONCKTON has no doubt been exercising his wiles to the full in an attempt to promote a kiss-and-make-up between the conflicting parties in the newspaper strike. This hardly warrants his description in the *Cambridge Daily News*, however, as "the Minister of Lamour."

Caught Sub.

THE return of Hutton's party from Australia gave cricket-writers an early start, and lovers of the game who read in *Picture Post* that "Hutton, like Barbirolli, had all the instruments for the piece he had to perform, and a couple of



extra oboes might have thrown the whole show out of gear" thought how delightful it was to have Neville Cardus back. Until they noticed that it was Arthur Mailey talking.

Empire ?

A PATTERNING of juvenile applause only has greeted the suggestion of a Birmingham City Councillor that school-children should be given a half holiday "to recapture the spirit of Empire Day." Thoughtful parents, anxious to spare their children a let-down in later life, feel that a two minutes' silence would be quite adequate.

Model State

IT was time for someone to re-define democracy, now getting somewhat blurred both as a word and a way of life. This want was supplied recently by a New York fashion designer, two of whose identical creations in blue-and-green taffeta were worn at a Washington reception by Mrs. Eisenhower and

another guest. "I do not sell directly to any wearer, nor do I usually make only one of a kind," said the designer to a *Time* reporter. "That is what makes this country a great democracy."

Tory Aqua-Lung Plot

SUSPICIONS that the floating voter must be a pretty queer fish are confirmed by *Tribune's* report, on the County Council elections, that he "was not even interested enough to push his head above water."

Pomp-Pomp

DISBANDMENT of units of Anti-Aircraft Command has caused feelings of sadness everywhere, particularly among high-ranking Staff Officers who must now automatically move up into first place as expenders of the maximum of ammunition with the minimum of effect.

Laughter and Tears Note

MR. BUTLER is to be congratulated on a Budget with something for everybody



—gratification, chagrin, surprise, resignation, approval and disgust.

Stop at Nothing, Some People

ONE of Mr. Ed Murrow's recent Person - to - Person interviews over America's C.B.S. had as joint interviewees Miss Marilyn Monroe and Sir Thomas Beecham. It seems rather surprising that Miss Monroe should have lent herself to a mere publicity stunt of this kind.

Or Occupier

AMONG visitors to this country under the Colombo Plan, announces the Press

Office of H.M. Treasury, is an Indonesian student, Mr. Raden Sjarief Surjanatamihardja, who is studying all aspects of housing over here. Mr. Surjanatamihardja has expressed particular interest in the smallness of the brass name-plates under our bell-pushes.

Put Your Propaganda Here

If a Central Office of Information announcement is to be believed, greater efforts than ever before will be made to Keep Britain Tidy this summer. Last year 55,000 posters, 100,000 circular "symbols" and 750,000 envelope-stickers were distributed to local



authorities, "and these quantities are likely to be considerably increased this year." Very laudable, and it all means extra work—especially for the men who go round with spiked sticks after the park has closed.

Common Ground

It is thought that Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Aneurin Bevan, drawn together by their parallel status as heavyweight back-benchers, may now exchange an occasional friendly word, if only to ask one another whether they have read any good Press cuttings lately.

Filler

ADVERTISING rates for commercial television sound pretty steep, especially at peak viewing times, and there is some doubt whether advertisers who want to reach the greatest possible number of people will be able to afford the outlay. Some adjustment may be possible, however, and it is rumoured that breakdowns in transmission during

Sunday evening variety programmes may be leased at a reduced figure to the Lord's Day Observance Society.

Prosperity Round the Corner

SPEAKING to an Edinburgh Productivity Committee, Sir Ewart Smith deplored the fact that to buy a new low-priced motor-car a British worker had



to work fifty-eight weeks, whereas an American worker took only twenty-six weeks. Holiday motorists wedged motionless between London and the coast may not think that this is such a bad thing after all.

Them's Talking Words

ACCORDING to a *Birmingham Mail* report Sir Hartley Shawcross recently told a Bolton audience that Socialists must cast aside clap-trap, and in the course of his speech referred to

- a return to power
- the confidence of the electorate
- the post-war years
- an expanding high wage economy
- industrial efficiency
- an orderly transition
- a larger cake
- a fairer distribution
- a better slice
- capital gains and luxuries
- a charter for the children

and observed, moreover, that "The object of fighting an election is to win it."

Uncle Mac

LONDONERS starved of news queued outside the Fleet Street office of *The Scotsman*, and many were surprised at the daily warning on the front page: "When replying to advertisers do not enclose cash." They realized later, of course, that *The Scotsman* does not insult regular readers with such obvious stuff; it was just a kindly word for the gullible South.

Eton Voting Song

"We are all working-class now."
The Minister of Education

JOLLY voting weather

We'll be needing the next few weeks,
So we'll cringe, cringe together

With our tongues in our beastly
checks.



THE THAW



The following, by the well-known Soviet commentator, Isaac Cranker, recently appeared in *Pravda*:

THE removal of Churchill from Downing Street is certain to produce some relaxation in the internal tensions which his harsh, authoritarian rule has increasingly produced. Yet another purge was clearly imminent, but is unlikely now to take place. In this connection, the fact that Moran has again been appearing at public functions is not without significance.

Liberalizing tendencies may be expected to group themselves round the new Premier. Although Eden appeared at the last Ministerial Banquet in the place of honour next to Churchill, with Macmillan far down the table, his record suggests that he is far from being an out-and-out Churchillite. He did not, for instance, join in the attack on Benjamin Britten's controversial opera, *Billy Budd*, and there is reason to believe that his influence was exerted to protect the Churchill Prizewinner, Eliot, when T.L.S. delivered its now notorious attack on him. Eliot, it is true, had to make a public act of contrition, but there is evidence suggesting that he continues to write.

The transfer of Macmillan from the Ministry of Defence to the Foreign

Office is bound to increase the influence of the Armed Services, though in this connection it is worth noting that, so far, no move has been made to advance Head from his relatively unimportant post as War Minister. No particular significance need be attached to the elimination of Swinton, who has always been reckoned something of a Party wheel-horse, but the advancement of some minor figures—Boyle, Maudling, Hill, etc.—is interesting as signifying the emergence of the younger "managerial" type of leader. These men belong essentially to the post-Churchill epoch. They are all Party trained, and look askance at the Old Guard like Woolton (now little more than a ceremonial figure) and Cruikshank.

And what of Butler, who, more than anyone else, has been associated with the now defunct policy of developing heavy industry and restricting consumer consumption? A group photograph of the new Government shows Butler sitting two places away from Eden, but this situation is unlikely to persist. Indeed, little doubt can be entertained that Butler's power and influence will henceforth tend to diminish, even though, nominally, he remains at the Exchequer. As for Nutting, who is known to favour a "soft" foreign policy, and who has been closely associated with the new Prime Minister—all the indications are that he will soon be taken into the Cabinet.

To sum up—the three dominating figures in the new régime are, without any question, Eden, Butler and Macmillan. Were Macmillan and Butler to combine against Eden, the Prime Minister's position might become somewhat precarious. This, however, is improbable. A much more likely partnership in the new atmosphere of easement abroad and relaxation at home, is between Eden and Macmillan. In such a case, Butler's situation, despite the support of the police which, undoubtedly, he can count upon, might well become difficult, if not impossible.

M. M.





POLITICAL CUP-TIE

The Mysterious Smile

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHEN Mr. Arthur Koestler in a lighter moment looked into the business of what was funny and why, he headed one chapter "The Cognitive Geometry of the Comic Stimulus"—itself no mean crack. Mr. Earle Tempel, who, from Van Buren, Arkansas, presents *The Magazine of Gag Analysis*, is only concerned with the when and where of humour. Monthly, anyone with a loose \$1.00 can share his findings on what America is laughing at. But his style suggests that the comic stimulus is no concern of his, and that cognitive geometry is a closed book. See his summary of a big laugh on page 73 of *Cavalier*:

Wrecking-ball has broke chain and went through roof of nearby house. Men from wrecking crew saying to angry owner of house: "Mister, can we have our ball back?"

For the benefit of gag-writers everywhere—his conviction is that humorists live in terror of using someone else's joke—Mr. Tempel fine-tooth-combed seventy-eight American publications last month, and flushed and dissected nearly seven hundred cartoons, some of them even funnier than the one reproduced above. Plunge at random into *Stag*:

Wife is holding bill in her hands and frowning as she says to husband, "You and your suicide attempts. Just look at last month's gas bill!"

Or into *True*—an example which shows, in a way, that Mr. Tempel is alive to a very real danger:

Husband holds gas bill in his hands as he says to downcast wife: "You and your suicide attempts. Look at this gas bill for last month!"

It is typical of the domestic theme that it doesn't matter whether the

husband or the wife has been driven to the gas-oven. It's just as funny, whichever one it is. In the American home there is plenty of trouble. It ranges from children who want glasses of water in the night to dogs walking on newly-laid cement. From husbands who are bald, tight-fisted, kept late at the office, drunken, dissatisfied with their meals, lecherous, afraid of burglars, physically despicable and obsessed with hunting-trophies to wives who are garrulous, mink-starved, houseproud, hopeless with the internal combustion engine, slatternly, over-fecund, disillusioned, hypochondriacal, fat and an unconscionable time in the ladies' room. Introduce the *Magazine of Gag Analysis* into enough co-educational reading-rooms and you would have a serious threat to the institution of matrimony. The married woman has nothing to commend her. She is described in this survey simply as "Wife." The picture is clear enough.

Wife, to husband reading newspaper . . .
Wife, to complaining husband at table . . .
Wife driving . . .

Ladies who have not yet broken out of the single state, on the other hand, appear as "Sexy dame," "Very sexy dame," or—in the very popular business context—"Sexy steno." The sexy steno is, of course, invariably being chased by one of the lecherous husbands kept late at the office.

The sexy dame is undoubtedly the mainstay of the humorous gagwriter's world. She adds her stimulating touch to many an otherwise stale and well-trodden scene:

Seashore. Sexy dame passing by older couple. Man is looking and wife says . . .

Desert island. Sexy dame crying as she says . . .

Two sexy dames on cruise ship. One says . . .

Doctor's office. Very sexy dame is . . .
Flying carpet. Sexy dame as they land, says . . .

She's everywhere—sexy dame in elevator, sexy dame at complaints window, in travel bureau, in bar-room, in pool-room, even in bedroom. Hospitals even ("Sexy nurse"); and frequently, as might be expected, in courts of law ("Sexy dame on witness chair"). And a laugh every time. But it is difficult to extract, from Mr. Tempel's strictly practical description, the full, rich humour of the situations in which these ladies appear. It is tempting, even, to get away from them for a spell, and turn to, say, page 61 of *Boy's Life* for a good clean laugh:

Man has stuck stick completely through his head, large ball on one end, he says to another man: "The trick is to guess how I got the big end through."

Or, in similar vein, let's take a look at *Look*:

Two men playing cribbage, one of the men has small holes in top of head and they are putting the pegs in the holes as they play. Bystander to another: "Payne has a real head for cribbage."

But for the cartoonist—or rather, as we are told, his gagwriter—mankind would have a terrible job to see the funny side of this sort of thing. It is going on all the time. If men aren't acting as cribbage boards or pushing sticks through their heads they are crawling out of motor crashes or train wrecks, falling off scaffolding, being gored by bulls or mauled by sharks, standing up through the closed roofs of cars, sitting stabbed in public libraries, leaping from burning buildings, lying on





railway lines or starving on rafts. It is understandable after all, perhaps, that in their few relaxed moments—and considering what a devil of a dance their wives lead them—they manage to conceal their boredom when one of those sexy dames comes slinking in. Love, like laughter, must have its place in life, especially a life where even the razor-sharp perception of the professional jester can see no farther than the desert island, the doctor's surgery, the cannibal cauldron, the maternity ward, the prison, the courthouse and the grave:

(Two old men in hospital beds. One to the other, "Which do you prefer—granite or marble?")

Sometimes, of course, all too rarely, Mr. Tempel charts a fine, courageous burst into unexplored territory. As in the *New Yorker*, for instance:

Smiling miner coming out of mountains with his burro. Two other men talking about him, one says, "Yes, but the trouble is he *always* wears that mysterious smile."

The trouble is, in cases like that, it's not always easy to see why.

New Desire

"The first of the new season's wage-claims . . ."—Manchester Guardian

NOW the new year reviving old desires
Gives last year's wage the look of last year's love.
Now with the sun's return the heart aspires
To the old rate and ten per cent above.

Now work or bargains must at once be struck,
And kind with kind have increment to show.
Now each employer tries to pass the buck,
And each employed insists upon the dough.

Now the grey board lay claim to failing trade,
But cannot undeclare their dividend,
And harp on losses they have hardly made,
And plough back profits they would gladly spend.

Now the wage-structure, like a dormant bear,
Stirs in its sleep and stretches all its joints.
Now the old Index, grown another year,
Rubs off its velvets to reveal new points.

Now is the season when the worker sees
The lessened worth of last year's increment
And new desire outrun old surpluses.
Now is the summer of our discontent.

P. M. HUBBARD

Gold Against Steel

By WALTER ELLIOT

ONE of the many echoes of the name Gaza, so recurrent in ancient, as in contemporary, history, has been ringing in my memory. "Gaza," I said: "Gaza." Didn't Kipling also, among all other poets, write some oddly topical verse about that town? I looked it up; and it was even more topical than I had remembered. Moreover, it recounts a dialogue between Satan, the Prince of Steel, and Dives, the Prince of Gold—a prophecy of fifty years ago (he wrote it in 1903)—which might have been written to-day, or to-morrow. You may hear the quarrel in active progress any time you turn the knob of your radio.

It is the thesis which lies behind Marshall Aid, and the Colombo Plan; the thesis of peace through trade, through loans, through the fettering of steel in a mesh of gold. And the poem also contains, in pure prophecy—for not a word of this existed at that time—the bitter and scornful rejection of this doctrine, which blazes out every time that Moscow opens its mouth.

But first, the local quotation which started this train of thought. It does indeed concern Gaza. It also concerns Moab, which, in 1903, was a stretch of desert, of Bedouins and their villages

and encampments, ruled from Constantinople, and a backwater of backwaters. Moab is to-day Jordan; hot news, a daily headache to London and New York. Its Arab Legion, supported by Western funds, is supposed to be, for its size, the most efficient fighting force in the Middle East; kept in check only by almost daily remonstrance from the supporting Powers. And Jordan's relations with the other Arab States, and with Egypt, the present ruler of Gaza, remain a burning issue. Hear, then, the word of the prophet.

*"Hast thou seen the pride of Moab?
For the words about his path
His bond is to Philistia, in half of all
he hath.
And he dare not draw the sword
Till Gaza give the word,
And he show release from Ashalon and
Gath."*

(Ashalon, by the way, is now Feluja, where half an Egyptian army was trapped by the Israelis in the late war.)

Now listen to the major theme. God has brought Dives, the Prince of Gold, up from the Pit to see whether he can do anything to remedy the confusion of this world.

*"... Our World is full of wickedness,
My Children main and slay,*

*And Saint and Seer and Prophet
Can make no better of it
Than to sanctify and prophesy and
pray."*

So the summons has gone forth:

*"Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take
again thy gold,
And thy women and thy housen as
they were to thee of old.
It may be grace hath found thee
In the furnace where We bound thee,
And that thou shalt bring the peace
My Son foretold."*

Then, in the style of the ancients, Satan is let loose upon the Peace of Dives, to test it to destruction. Satan fails. The Peace holds good. And then Satan breaks out, in the very alphabet of moral indignation nightly rehearsed to us from across the Iron Curtain:

*Then Satan said to Dives: "Return
again with me,
Who hast broken His Commandment
in the day He set thee free,
Who grindest for thy greed
Man's belly-pinch and need;
And the blood of Man for filthy
usury!"*

And the retort follows, with all the suave insolence of the damned:

*Then answered cunning Dives: "Do not
gold and hate abide
At the heart of every Magic, yea, and
senseless fear beside?
With gold and fear and hate
I have harnessed state to state,
And by hate and fear and gold their
hates are tied."*

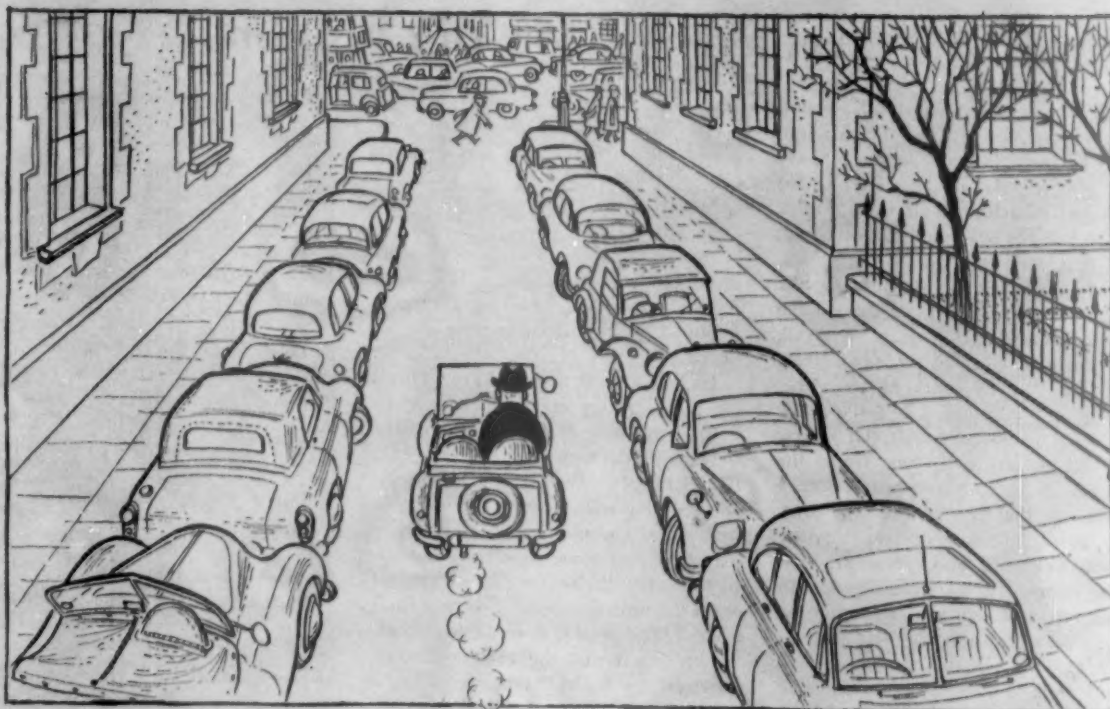
This prophecy is made with a greater assurance than the events of our days would warrant. The battle sways still; far more critical, far more fiercely fought, than Kipling even dreamed.

Neither of the programmes, assuredly, is ideal. Nor has Omnipotence yet given decree. But Dives has his courage, his craft and his honour, the honour of the market-place, the honour of the balance. His appeal is to events, his acceptance the brazen acceptance of the ultimate Judgment, that lasting imprint of Asia upon our poet. Will events justify him?

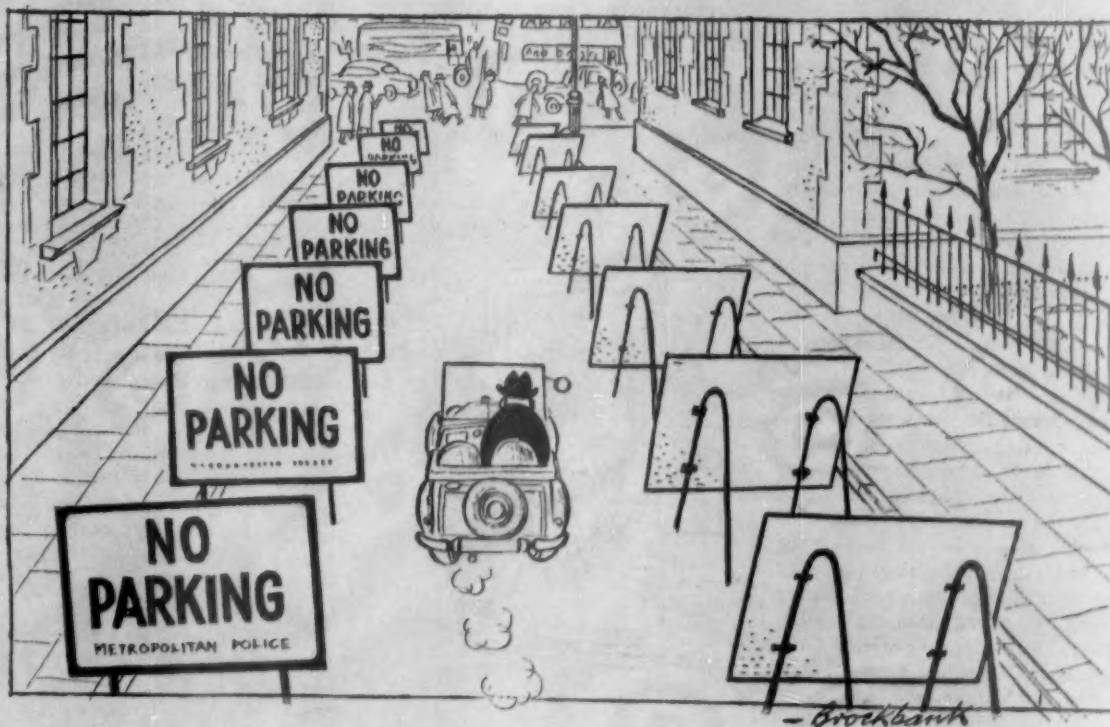
*Then softly answered Dives where the
money-changers sit,
"My refuge is Our Master, O My
Master in the Pit.
But behold all Earth is laid
In the Peace which I have made,
And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!"*

This was all a dream, of fifty years ago. But what breath, exactly, ruffled, at that hour, the leaves of Kipling's scribbling-pad?





Problem . . .



. . . Solution.

Archæology for the Million

THIS is the ninety-ninth session of Archæology for the Million.

Fortunately we happen to have two old friends in the studio, Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Dr. Glyn Daniel, who chanced to come along this evening. The first question comes from Mrs. Donkey of Mildew Green, Suffolk. She asks "What do the experts think King Alfred's cakes were made of?" Well, Sir Mortimer, what do you say to that?

SIR M. W.: Of course that's a very complicated question. I don't really like using technical words (Of course not, Sir Mortimer), but from the evidence of Anglo-Saxon burial sites, I should say that the chances are they were made of some cereal mixture (*triticum vulgare*) and some kind of coarse oatmeal gruel, coagulated with bran-mash and left for some time to solidify on a peat hearth.

DR. G. D.: Yes that would account for the time factor in the story. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says "*Lang waes cyning eingesclafen*."

SIR M. W.: Of course the bran might become highly inflammable if desiccated for some hours.

CHAIRMAN: Do you think, Dr. Daniel, that the term "cakes" is really justified in this context?

DR. G.: That is a question which can only be solved empirically by a professional archæologist. It might be possible under correct laboratory conditions to reconstruct, and perhaps even to digest, these delicacies enjoyed by our ancestors.

SIR M. W.: Try 'em and see.

CHAIRMAN: No, Sir Mortimer, I think better not.

DR. G. D.: It could, in fact, plausibly be argued that the cakes served some sacred or sacrificial purpose, like the so-called Stone of Scone, obviously an example of the use of age-old ceremonial culinary techniques in a context of regal obligation. In the case of the Stone of Scone here is plainly a bannock baked into a mineral consistency. Before attaining the sacred *mana* of kingship the Scots kings were obliged to sit on it. Hence the old Scots ballad

*Awa' and hoots up yonder glen,
Wi' claymore, hilt, and a',
If ye dinna get crooned on the Stane
o' Scoone,
Ye'll never be crooned at a'.*

CHAIRMAN: Then they actually couldn't get crowned unless they were seated upon what in fact was a sacred cake?

SIR M. W.: And you think that applies to Alfred?

DR. G. D.: I don't say it necessarily does, but it well might. The cakes probably had some ritual significance.

SIR M. W.: The cakes were not for burning, eh?

DR. G. D.: But they did burn. That's the point. They may even have symbolized the state of the Danish part of the kingdom at that time.

CHAIRMAN: Well, Mrs. Donkey, you see they were not the sort of cakes that you or I would like to eat, but they may have had some ritual or symbolic significance. Perhaps we had better go on to the next question. It comes from a Mr. Titmouse of Cowards End, Bucks. "How was it that the ancient Britons managed to build Stonehenge?" I rather think we've had that one before. What do you think, Sir Mortimer?

SIR M. W.: Actually that's a question to which archæologists have given some thought for quite a long time. I believe the enterprise was conducted like a systematic operation of war. In those days, Mr. Titmouse, it was usual to apply the whip to inferior elements in society.



CHAIRMAN: There wasn't any difficulty about overtime then?

SIR M. W.: Certainly not.

DR. G. D.: The fact that the Blue Stones came from Wales indicates what I have always strongly suspected—the extreme antiquity of the Great Western Railway. It goes far back into pre-history, don't you think, Sir Mortimer?

SIR M. W.: Further. Indubitably it belongs to the Palæolithic. The existence of the Dawkins Hoard at Swindon shows that the thing goes back to very distant times. The excavators discovered cave paintings below the ground in Old Swindon which indicated great sophistication and remote antiquity.

CHAIRMAN: Then you think the problem is as simple as all that?

DR. G. D.: Yes. The fact that the Circles belong to widely different centuries would indicate just the time-lag to be expected under these conditions. So you get a combination of unlimited slave labour driven by ruthless leadership, with a primitive, tardy, but effectual communications-network behind the monument. The stones would then, I think, be trundled from Pewsey or Savernake on rollers or dragged across the countryside upon triangulated logs.

SIR M. W.: As a matter of fact last year, when we were excavating near Avebury, I arranged for some of my diggers to make the experiment. In the end only a few of them died. In the late Neolithic and Early Bronze Age the need to conserve life would not, of course, have been so urgent.

DR. G. D.: Yes, I suppose you did make the experiment under rather a handicap.

CHAIRMAN: So there you are, Mr. Titmouse, it was the old Great Western in those days, if it's British Railways now. Well I'm afraid that brings us to our time limit, but I think there's just a minute left for one question. Corporal Swallow asks "Please can the experts tell us what woad was for?"

DR. G. D.: It was a vegetable dye. It was applied to the more exposed portions of our ancestors' anatomy.

SIR M. W.: I expect, Corporal Swallow, they talked till they were blue in the face.

J. E. B.

They Say . . . They Say

By ROBERT GRAVES

THIS is Saturday, listeners, and here I am standing beside the old recording van in a Spanish seaport town on the Costa Brava. The sun is pretty hot, even for this time of year: several scores of farmers and dealers, mainly from the outlying districts, have taken possession of the Market Square cafés. Nice fellows too. Not a knife, pistol or unkind thought in the whole crowd. That hoarse buzz you hear is their usual exchange of views on the price of tomatoes, olive futures, the effects of drought on the regional economy, and so on. The overtones are excited argument about the Grand Tour of Catalonia—on push-bike—and the fearful struggle of the local *futbol* team to avoid relegation to the Third Division of the League.

Now suppose we bring the microphone over to this corner table and listen to what those two very relaxed-looking types are saying to each other over their coffee and *anis*. The melancholy-looking fellow in black corduroys, sporting a massive silver watch-chain, is Pep Prat. Pep breeds mules; and his rubicund *vis-à-vis* with the blue sash, by name Pancho Pons, grows carnations for the Barcelona market.

PANCHO: Well, Master Pep! Been along Ecce Homo Street lately?

PEP: And if not, have I missed much, Master Pancho?

PANCHO: Nothing, nothing. I was only making conversation.

PEP: Make some more by all means.

PANCHO: I went this morning to change a hundred-duro note at the Banco Futuristico.

PEP: Did they short-change you? Mistakes often happen on a Saturday.

PANCHO: No indeed. Don Bernardo Bosch was in a very good humour. He now has an enchanting little office with three easy chairs, a mahogany desk and a window overlooking the street.

PEP: Of course . . . Of course . . . Ah, Master Pancho! That poor woman's face comes back to me so clearly!

PANCHO: What courage, eh? I should never have dared address him as she did.

PEP: It is now more than a year ago.

PANCHO: Yet the words still ring in my ears. I happened to be doing some business with the cheese-monger next door, and poor saintly Margalida never spoke in a low voice, even at the worst of times. On that occasion she might have been missionizing the heathen. She said: "Don Bernardo, not another word! I have this shop on a hundred-years lease, with eighty-six more to run, and since (thanks be to God!) I am now only thirty years old and enjoy good health, it

should last out my life. I am not selling, I do not need to sell, and though the shop may measure only twenty-five and a half square metres it suffices for my modest business."

PEP: She had spirit.

PANCHO: And Don Bernardo answered: "You are a bloodsucker, you are a negress, Margalida Mut, you are Jael and Sapphira rolled into one. I offer you fifteen hundred *duros* a square metre to surrender your lease and you dare refuse it!" And



"How nice to see you, Millie!"



the poor creature answered: "I am not selling, you gipsy! But if you and your colleagues think of selling the Banco Futuristico equally cheap, let me know—I may need it as a lumber room. *Adios!*" That ended the comedy.

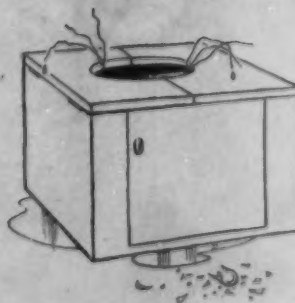
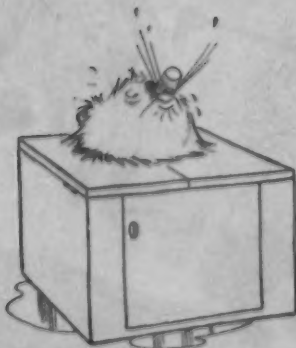
PEP: But tell me: exactly why would she not sell?

PANCHO: Ask me, rather, why she should sell. Should she sell just because the Banco Futuristico had bought up the rest of the site, and did not wish her rusty shutters and peeling sign to interrupt their beautiful marble façade in Ecce Homo Street? Margalida was a martyr to principle.

PEP: Nevertheless, principle puts no bacon in the stew. Her trade was beggary. She called herself an antique-dealer, but I have seen better stuff spread out on a sack in the Flea Market: nails, horse-shoes, a broken sewing machine, three cracked dishes, books without covers, half a Salamonic bed-rail.

PANCHO: Mind, I know nothing, but they say—very unjustly no doubt—that the excellent woman was a receiver of stolen goods, a usurers at compound interest, a blackmailer, a Protestant!

PEP: They say! Ah, the hypocrites! They said nothing like that at her funeral. What a display! A thousand people at least walked in it, besides priests and acolytes. And an epidemic of tall wax candles. Also columns in the *Heraldo* about her good works and devotion and saintliness. I recall how shocked Don Bernardo was when he heard



the news. He hurried at once in his very pyjamas to condole with the deceased's afflicted sister Joana Mut.

PANCHO: It was well done, although Margalida had not been on speaking terms with either of the two sisters since their parents' death—some dispute about the inheritance, they say.

PEP: Yes, they say. And they say . . . But never mind.

PANCHO: An extraordinary end, eh? Altogether baffling. It happened, you will remember, at precisely seven o'clock, when all the shutters in the street were clanging down; and her protests, if any, must have been drowned in the noise. Nobody was aware that anything unusual had occurred until nine o'clock next morning when someone noticed the gap at the bottom of the shutter—which showed that she had not locked it as was her custom when she went home to her solitary flat. A pity, because it was then too late to telephone the station police at Port Bou and have the passengers searched as they crossed the frontier. You may be sure that the assassin was French.

PEP: My brother-in-law at Police Headquarters disagrees.

PANCHO: No Catalan of the Costa Brava would murder even a supposed usurers for her money!

PEP: Certainly not! But no money was taken. A two-hundred-*duro* note was left untouched in the open cash-box. They say that the assassin was a married lady who wished to retrieve some compromising document from it. They say that a long strand of hair was found in poor Margalida's fingers . .

PANCHO: Yes, they say! But they also say it was Margalida's own hair, torn out in the struggle.

PEP: Of the same colour and thickness, I admit. It certainly seemed to be Mut hair . . . What I cannot understand is why my brother-in-law had orders from high up to post an armed guard at either end of the street for a whole month; as if to prevent a disturbance.

PANCHO: It is, of course, a theory that murderers revisit the scene of their crimes. But what I should have liked to ask your brother-in-law

GIOVANNI

was, why he allowed that picture of poor Isidoro Nuñez to appear in the *Heraldo* entitled "Wanted, dead or alive, for the Ecce Homo crime!" Isidoro is not a bad fellow. Once he got drunk and borrowed the mayor's bicycle and ran it into a tree, so they gaoled him for a couple of months; but that was his one crime. Actually, it was well known that he had gone off, two days before, to visit his father in Galicia; and when he returned the police did not even interrogate him. They say . . .

PEP: Oh yes, they say! They also say that it was a love tragedy, that the poor woman was killed by an amorous and impulsive youngster whom she had rejected.

PANCHO: Ka! Margalida was as ugly as a fisherman's boot.

PEP: Pancho, you must not speak disrespectfully of the dead. Very well, let us suppose that the amorous youngster was really after her money . . .

PANCHO: Good! And that he believed her to have already closed the bargain with Don Bernardo. Tell me, by the way, did her heirs sell the lease for those fifteen hundred *duros* the square metre?

PEP: No. You see, Margalida had not been quite accurate: she had the shop on a life tenure only. When she died it reverted to the landlord. A pity, because under the Rent Restriction Law the landlord could never have made the lessee pay more than the price originally agreed on—a mere ten *duros* a month. That law is a great protection to poor people.

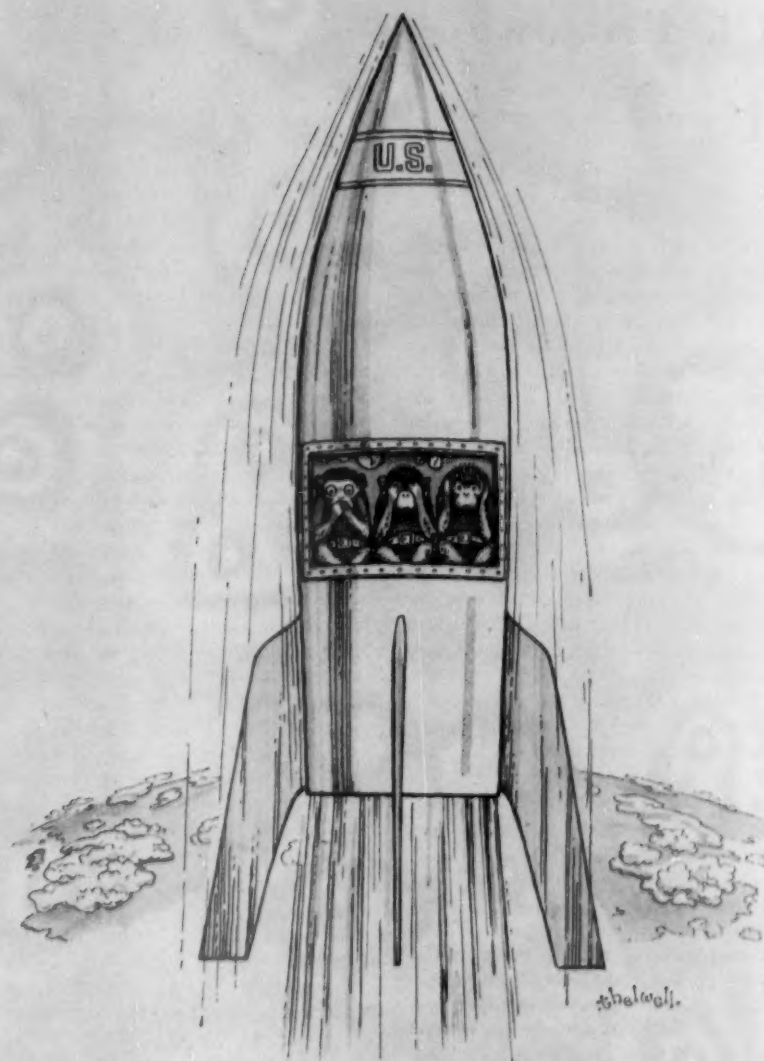
PANCHO: Who was the landlord, by the way?

PEP: By a remarkable coincidence it was Joana Mut herself! And since she had no aptitude for the family antique business she regretfully parted with the freehold. The Bank paid a thousand *duros* a square metre, they say, but that may be an exaggeration. The other sister got nothing except Margalida's stock and personal effects, poor child!

PANCHO: Garlic and onions, Pep! Do you know what I think?

PEP: Tell me.

PANCHO: I think that the unfortunate angel pulled down the shutters and



choked herself with her own hands in mortification for having turned down Don Bernardo's offer!

PEP: It is very possible. Indeed, they say . . .

* * * * *

Well, listeners, I expect you have heard enough. But before I return you to the studio let us cross the street and hear what that vigorous but charming-looking fishwife has to say for herself. The one with the spotted handkerchief round her hair. Well, well, what a coincidence! If she isn't Aina, the youngest of the three Mut sisters! I wish you could watch her now, knife in hand, ripping the tough brown skin off

an ugly-looking sting-ray! My word, personally I shouldn't like . . . And look, if that isn't Don Bernardo himself buying prawns at the next stall! Good heavens! Aina has recognized him! She has laid down the sting-ray . . .

Oh! Oh! I'm glad you missed that, listeners. Garlic and onions!

"Sir Winston stood on the steps of 10 Downing Street, both before and after his trip to the palace, with a broad smile, but around his eyes there was a suspicion of trees."—*New York Times*

Nonsense. Just ash.

Off Broadway

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

EVERYBODY who is fond of dramatic critics—their mothers, let us say, and possibly a few old school friends—will be sorry to hear that they are having a tough time in New York these days.

For one thing, there has been a monotonous succession of excellent plays, which, of course, they hate because it gives them no scope for getting off the good things they have been saving up. For another, there is a growing practice among dramatists, when slated by the critics, of stepping out in front of the curtain on the second night and telling the audience in set terms what they think of them. And, as one of them wrote plaintively the other day, "I resent the implication that we critics are a jaded set of knuckleheads who ought collectively to don cement kimonos and plunge into the East River." They are, of course, but one can understand their feelings.

But the main reason why the dramatic critic over here has become a morose and soured character who snarls at his wife and sends the children to bed without their supper is that he has to turn out every other night to go and review an Off Broadway production.

In the old days, when New York had about seventy theatres playing what *Variety* calls the legit, the official representative of a daily paper was a lordly person who picked and chose. If he considered a play unworthy of his attention he handed over the job of passing judgment on it to an underling known as the second-string critic. There were even third- and fourth-string critics. But to-day, with all the theatres except about a dozen having been turned into movie houses or television dens, his employers expect him to do some work in return for his salary. He has to cover everything, Off Broadway productions included, and recently Off Broadway productions have been breaking out like a rash all over the place.

What, you ask, is an Off Broadway production? Well, perhaps the best way of putting it is to say that it is a production that is produced not on—in other words, off—Broadway. Strictly speaking, seeing that there is only one theatre on Broadway—called the

Broadway, curiously enough—it might be said that all plays produced in New York are off Broadway. But when you talk of an Off Broadway show you mean a show that is *really* off Broadway—that is to say, down in the tangled streets of Greenwich Village or over by Brooklyn Bridge, where the foot of the white man has not trod nor the Gospel been preached.

What happens is that a little group of enthusiasts, getting together over the absinthe and seltzer, think they would like to do something to give the drama a shot in the arm. Ike can act a bit, Mike can sing a bit, Spike can paint scenery, and they have all written dozens of plays which have been going the rounds for years, so they call themselves the Modern Mummies or something and hire a room over McGinty's Saloon or Joe's Place and announce the forthcoming production of an intimate experimental revue or one of those symbolic things. And the dramatic critics have to attend, grinding their teeth and muttering strange oaths out of the side of their mouths. There are regions in New York's outlying districts which no cartographer has ever mapped,

and it is nearly always these spots which the Parnassus Players or the Excelsior Group or the Youth Revival Movement choose for their excesses. It is only natural that a dramatic critic, ferocious enough even in Forty-Fifth Street, should reach new high levels of achievement when he has to turn out of his cosy flat on a cold, sleety night and go off to some place which can be reached only with dog-sleds and Esquimaux guides, not knowing whether at any moment he may not be eaten by the aborigines. You ought to see this morning's notices of *Once Over Lightly*, a new intimate and experimental revue in two acts and nineteen scenes, which opened last night somewhere up near Baffin's Bay. A bitter note pervades all of them.

I do wish, though, that these fellows, when hammering the stuffing out of an intimate and experimental revue, would be less cryptic. You know how humiliating it is to feel not abreast and *en rapport*. That is how I have been feeling since reading the reviews of *Once Over Lightly*. One of the critics has this passage:

"There is a burlesque of Menotti's *The Medium* in which, believe it or not, nine minutes are consumed to peddle that old chestnut about the kid who didn't like kreplach!"

and if you described me as bathed in confusion you would not be putting it at all too strongly, for I have never heard the story of the kid who didn't like kreplach and—let's face it—I don't even know what kreplach is.

Kreplach . . . A food? A beverage? Or is that small "k" a misprint, and the Kreplach 'the kid didn't like' was Johann Kreplach, the school bully, who used to twist his arm and rub his knuckles in his hair in the old days at Nish or Omsk or Tomsk or wherever it was?

Ah, well, there are some things we can never know. Perhaps we are not meant to know. Anyway, I can't go about asking people. I don't want to be pointed out in the street as the man who never heard the story of the kid who didn't like kreplach. I could find out, I suppose, by going and seeing *Once Over Lightly*, but . . . No, I don't think so. Too far off Broadway.





"Rock-a-bye, baby . . ."

The Policeman at Nesting Time

By H. F. ELLIS

Notes for the guidance of rural constables acting in pursuance of their duties under the Protection of Birds Act, 1954

Persons Acting in a Suspicious Manner

1. Keep a sharp look-out during the nesting season for persons proceeding along hawthorn or other quickset hedges, beating the same with sticks, uttering loud cries, burying their heads in briars and gorse bushes, or otherwise behaving in a manner calculated to harass and annoy brooding or expectant birds.

2. Men and boys hanging from the tops of cliffs by ropes or swaying in the upper branches of very tall trees should be kept under observation and searched without warrant on their return to terra firma, unless known to the police as eccentrics or harmless bird-watchers. Similarly, persons detected with their arms thrust into holes in river banks and sand-pits, or fishing about inside decayed trees with soup-ladles tied to walking-sticks, must be regarded with suspicion if unable to account satisfactorily for their movements. In this connection, bulging cheeks and indifferent articulation often indicate the presence in the mouth of the eggs of the Barn Owl (*Tyto alba*) or, less frequently, the Kingfisher (*Alcedo atthis*).

3. Persons seen forcing their way in boats into the reeds fringing Norfolk Broads are almost certainly after the eggs of the Bearded Tit (£25, or three months), unless they are young, two in

number, and of different sexes, in which case the constable should be prepared to vary the nature of the charge.

4. Be on the watch for aeroplanes pursuing birds, which is forbidden under Section 5 of the Act, and use your discretion as to the best way of bringing the misdemeanour home to the pilot. Remember, however, that in Scotland it is *not* an offence to use boats for the purpose of catching Rock Doves.

Methods of Search

5. Make them turn out their pockets. Scrutinize all waistcoat linings, trouser turn-ups, etc. Unclip the flaps of deer-stalker hats. Open matchboxes, empty out tobacco pouches, and test the handles of umbrellas for concealed compartments. Carefully examine the ears of female suspects for Goldcrest's eggs, which may be attached to the lobes by spirit gum to simulate cultivated pearls.

6. When combing out luxuriant beards in the field, hold the inverted helmet underneath to preserve valuable evidence.

7. Elderly gentlemen, when challenged, sometimes shyly produce cotton-wool-lined pillboxes containing old, blown blackbirds' eggs. Do not be deceived by this ruse. Closer search will almost always reveal the eggs of the Lesser Redpoll, or even the complete nest of a Sedge Warbler tucked away beneath the armpit.

8. Any eggs found may be seized under Section 12, but not roughly.

9. For instructions on disposal of confiscated eggs, dead lapwings, etc., procedure for keeping the eggs of rare birds at brood temperature while giving evidence and use of the truncheon in emergency in Avocet colonies, see Confidential Home Office Pamphlet No. 846 "Disposal of Confiscated Eggs, Dead Lapwings, etc., and Use of the Truncheon in Emergency in Avocet Colonies."

Recognition and Identification

10. It is important to be able to discriminate at a distance between genuine birdwatchers and oölogists or professional egg collectors. The former have a smug but amiable expression,

not unlike that of the Kittiwake, wear gumboots in times of drought, and tend to remain for long periods without movement of any kind. Oölogists are furtive, slinking creatures in blue serge suits, instantly recognizable by their habit of swinging their walking-sticks round and round and whistling when aware that they are observed. They are armed with blowpipes and should be approached with caution.

11. All officers must familiarize themselves with the distinctive coloration and marking of the eggs of all birds on the British List, in order to avoid wrongful arrest—for the taking of eggs legitimized by the Home Secretary's Order under Section 2 (4) (a) of the Act. Thus the egg of the Bullfinch (protected), of which the ground colour is "bluish-green, spotted and blotched with chocolate or reddish-brown markings, generally dense at the larger end," must not be confused with that of the Chaffinch (unprotected), which is, of course, "bluish-green, delicately marked with small well-defined chocolate-brown spots, chiefly disposed over the broad end." (Constables should note, in this connection, that the egg of the Bullfinch is sometimes pure white, or white with reddish markings—beware of attempts by cross-examining counsel to introduce the Robin's egg at this stage—while that of the Chaffinch may be found in a white or erythristic variant or in "the so-called Bullfinch form." (See *The Birds of the British Isles* (Bannerman and Lodge), Vol. I, in your spare time.) When in doubt, ask your sergeant.

Caution

12. Bats are mammals, giving milk (though not, of course, in marketable quantities) to their young, and so far as the Home Office knows may be harried by the public, pursued in aeroplanes, etc., without penalty. Constables who spend their time keeping belfries under observation will never get on.

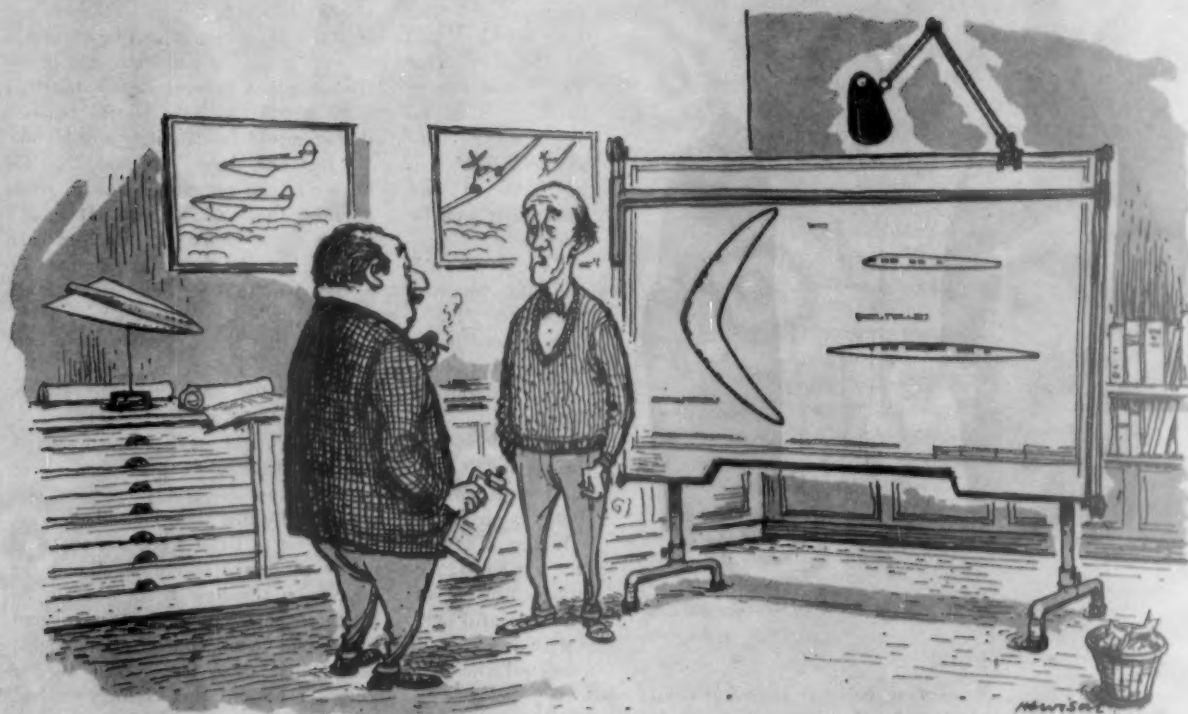
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"Well, anyway, Sam, he's agreed to throw his victory party at your restaurant."

"At 17 — Street, Edinburgh, on 22nd February 1955, to — and —, of Fair Isle Bird Observatory, a son (Robin)." *The Scotsman*

Both chirpy, we hope.



"Its principal feature is that it requires fuel only for the outward journey."

Food for Reflection

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AMONG the objectives which this Hector Blackie, my friend of long standing, esteemed and pursued whenever he had leisure to do so, were memorable meals, worthwhile eating. His mother was American, and these phrases came naturally to him.

A good dinner, he said, ought not only to be a good dinner but have some special significance, too; it need not be exotic, but it should be significant. I have had five such meals with Hector Blackie, and I put them on record here in case you run across him somewhere and would like to go out with him.

I

This was the first time I met him, and he was staying with American friends in southern California. When I joined the little house-party they said "Well you

certainly have had an interesting trip from New York, met a lot of amusing characters. But from what you tell, seems to us you haven't met *average* people. The typical American family."

I said "Nothing I'd like better," and Hector—much excited—said what we ought to do was all go and have dinner with a typical American family. That would have significance.

It took a little time to organize, because when it came to going through the address book and making a selection a lot of candidates had to be disqualified—for acts of untypicality and non-averageness. Finally, these people we were staying with, whose name was Harrison, picked a family called Sumner and told them here was this Englishman who wanted to see a typical American family, and the Sumners—he had a

brokerage business in Los Angeles, but they lived thirty miles or so out of town—said they would be happy to have us come over.

Hector harped so on the significance of this encounter that we all felt a little awe-inspired, and while we were looking for the Sumners' house he insisted on giving us a drink from his hip-flask—this was during Prohibition—to keep us up to scratch.

The house was quite large, and the reason we had any difficulty in finding it was that it was in darkness, because at this time there was a business depression, recession, slump or crisis going on, and it had hit the Sumners literally where they lived, cutting off the electric light.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Sumner seated on a wide veranda at the back of



"Father, I want you to meet Mother."

the house, and just as we were being introduced they and the whole place turned bright pink, but when we started to sit down everything went dark again.

This was because, about one hundred and fifty yards away, there was a neon sign set up among the trees, with pink letters about thirty feet high, advertising some real estate development called Roseland. The letters, Mrs. Sumner told me, were lighted up for three-quarters of a minute, then dark for a minute and a half. Handy, in the circumstances.

We sat there for a half-hour or so, sometimes pink and sometimes invisible, and then Mr. Sumner asked me what I thought of the cocktails we were drinking. I said they were as fine a cocktail as I had drunk anywhere.

"But aren't we," said Mr. Sumner, "really drinking them just on account of the gin that's in them?" And I said that might well be the case.

"Well then," said Mr. Sumner, "just why do I have to keep going out in that dark kitchen and pour fruit juice and such into the gin? Why don't we simply drink the gin?"

It seemed a good idea, and he came back with gin in a jug and we drank it. After a half-hour or so Mr. Sumner asked what I thought of the gin, and

I said it was very fine gin. "But isn't it a fact," said Mr. Sumner, "that the reason we're drinking it is on account of the alcohol that's in it?" And I said that might well be the case.

"Well then," said Mr. Sumner, "just why do I have to keep going out in that dark kitchen and squeeze juniper juice or whatever it is into the alcohol? Why don't we simply drink the alcohol?"

It seemed a good idea, and he brought the jar of alcohol and we sipped it and wondered when the

recession would end.

About midnight the Harrisons suddenly remembered something. About this dinner, they said. The Sumners said Well certainly, but with the electricity situation the way it was, they thought it might be better all round if we went down and ate fried chicken at the drugstore in town, couple of miles away. We said that would be fine, and the Sumners said we'd have to go in the Harrisons' car because theirs was not available.

We supposed it had gone with the light, but it turned out not to be so bad as that—it had merely been stolen by the Sumners' teen-age son who was, Mrs. Sumner said, an idealist. He had declared himself disgusted with life in what he termed the sordid wreckage of an outworn Money Economy and driven off by night to join, it was thought, the Technocrats.

The fried chicken Maryland at the drugstore was first-rate, but Hector seemed depressed and uneasy. It hadn't, he told me in low tones, been quite what he had expected. I said it all seemed quite reasonably significant to me.

II

There was a very grand Siamese delegation in Paris, and Hector—who

was a British diplomat now—said he could take me to dinner with them and it would be memorable. A lot of people, he said, imagined a Siamese dinner was the same as a Chinese dinner, but they were wrong; to have a real Siamese dinner would be definitely worthwhile.

"Just one thing," he said, "do for heaven's sake remember not to refuse anything that's offered you. It doesn't matter if you don't take much of each course, but you must take some. To refuse, I'm told, causes bitter offence to the host."

"Like that thing about sheep's eyes with Arabs," I said.

"Not in the least like that," Hector said crossly. "And remember!"

I forget what time that dinner started, but by midnight there had been eighteen courses, and they were still coming. By that time I was half dead, and, so far as I could observe anything in my congested condition, I had the impression that our hosts were in no better shape. The servants who kept coming in with course after course looked half dead too. And at one o'clock I noticed that courses we had started with were coming round again like horses on the merry-go-round.

Stupefied, but still eating, so as not to disgrace Hector and break his career, I could just hear one of my Siamese neighbours chatting away to me about manners and customs of Siam. In Siam, he was saying in a choked voice, the host at a dinner party must go on and on providing successive courses until the guests refuse one, indicating they have had enough. To end the dinner before that is deemed a cause of bitter offence to the guest.

Next day the members of the delegation were bent double with indigestion and unable to do their work, and the story got about that Hector had deliberately incapacitated them for dark imperialist purposes.

III

"When I say 'Wicklow Mountains,'" Hector said, "you, as a newcomer to Ireland, probably have all sorts of absurd ideas."

"Such as?"

"You picture people morosely sunk in Celtic twilight, rousing themselves only to utter savage Hibernian jibes or bitterly lament the glories of the past."

"I don't."

"Well this isn't going to be in the least like that. These people we are dining with are gay and brilliant talkers, fond of everyone, and they have an Italian cook and a wonderful cellar. One of the most worthwhile houses in Europe."

Hector drove us forty miles into the mountains, and we were in such good time for dinner that we were in time to drive, first another forty miles to a cocktail party, and after that another twenty so that people who wanted to could swim in a lake by moonlight.

When we got back to dinner it was a wonderful dinner, and the wine superb, and everyone very happy and gay except Hector, who was so utterly worn out with fatigue and hunger that he sat sunk in morose gloom, rousing himself only to mutter savage jibes against Irish lack of punctuality and fecklessness, or bitterly to lament the glorious past when, he assured me in his furious whisper, if you were asked to dine with people, dine with them was all you had to do.

IV

When I saw that vast panorama of the siege of Stalingrad, sculpted from calves' brains in aspic, with gun-emplacements of caviar, I felt that Hector—married now, and on some mission to Sofia—had certainly come up with something memorable this time.

It was Red Army Day, and the Soviet forces in Bulgaria were giving a reception, after which there would be a performance by the Red Army ballet. Hector and his wife had asked me to go with them to the reception.

The buffet-banquet recalled the most colourful dreams of an historical novelist handling the big mediæval feast scene. The tusks of great boars' heads were gilded, and so were the scales of sturgeon seven feet long. As in the Middle Ages, cooked peacocks stood proudly on their silver dishes with all their tail-feathers replaced and extended, waving above palaces of candy.

Hector's eyes shone with excitement, and, absorbed in the siege of Stalingrad, he abstractedly swallowed several large glasses of Red Army vodka. His excitement increased. Half-way through the succeeding ballet, as we sat with other members of the Diplomatic Corps and newspaper correspondents, I heard his wife whisper to him anxiously "It seems

to be all right to clap, but nobody else is cheering."

He remembered that outing all right, for, as I heard later, a rather fierce American diplomat got him into trouble for allegedly indulging in an unnecessary and unseemly pro-Soviet demonstration.

V

Hector said not to keep complaining about the length of the journey to Cumberland, the point was this was a wonderful old custom, very rarely seen nowadays, and it was crazy to pass up a chance to go to a village celebration where they were going to roast an ox whole on the sward, with peasantry and marquees and all that.

We found the sward with the peasantry and marquees, in one of which a couple of attendants were distributing, from behind trestle tables, an enormous number of pre-fabricated pork pies, so that one kept looking automatically at one's watch to see if the train was due.

After a while a sort of butler, who was supervising the tables, came over to us and said he noticed we were eating nothing; surely we would like something?

Hector laughed gaily and said No, no, we would eat nothing here because we were just going across the sward to

wherever it was they were roasting the ox. We were reserving ourselves for that. "Merry England and all that," Hector said.

"Well as a matter of fact, sir," said the butler, "there's been a little hitch about the ox."

"Hitch?"

The butler was uncertain whether it was the Ministry of Health, or some other Ministry, or some local authority afraid, perhaps, of fire, which had refused permission for the roasting of the ox, or whether indeed it was simply that the necessary forms applying for permission had been sent to the wrong Ministries.

"In any case," Hector said, "no ox?"

"Not to-day, sir, I'm afraid," said the butler, and made a small signal to one of the maids behind the trestle to bring over a plate of pork pies.

Talking of Surprises

"Prospects are uncertain, as it may be some time before the full extent of the damage to fish food caused by the abnormal floods of December can be assessed. One thing which is certain is that anglers will get many surprises in the way the bed of the river and the geography of almost every pool has been altered by the sweeping torrent. First essential now is a spell of warm dry rain to replenish the streams."

Westmorland Gazette



The Printed Word

By EVOE

THE man who sits in a canvas shelter beside a hole in the road said a rather peculiar thing a week ago. For many months, or so it seemed, he had been reading an evening paper whenever I happened to pass by the scene of his labours, but on this occasion he was otherwise employed.

"Can storied urn," he asked me, looking up suddenly, "or animated bust back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

"Certainly not," I said warmly. "But why do you want to know?"

He showed me a rather tattered anthology.

"It's what they give me at the Free Library," he said. "Had to go more'n a mile for it, in me free time too."

"Not much use for the Pools," I agreed, "nor for the three-thirty."

"Get that on Telly," he said, "but I likes me bit of reading as well. So would you if you was me sitting here all hours like I am."

I may have embroidered this incident a little. It may have been *Burton's Anatomy* that he was reading, or the *Critique of Pure Reason*, but the point is the same. On a single day at the beginning of the newspaper strike the Public Librarian of this borough, assisted by colleagues at various branches, issued nearly a thousand

books more than usual. People who normally never go near the libraries (so he informed the local weekly) were asking for tickets and taking books home. He is a trustworthy and highly respected man whose words no one would dream of doubting. He went even further. "It looked," he said, "as though a swarm of locusts had been through the place."

Readers of *Punch* will recognize instantly what that means. One desert locust, we are assured, in the few months of its life eats about ten times its own weight, and a mathematician can easily calculate from this how short a time a municipal ratepayer would take to devour an encyclopædia. Current literature was absorbed within a few hours of opening time, and the librarian was forced to satisfy demands for a bit of reading by issuing elderly volumes that for long had not seen the light of day.

They appeared, I suppose, at the breakfast table, they travelled on bus tops, and through the mazes of the Underground. Clearly there are terrible times during the twenty-four hours whose agonies or *longueurs* nothing but print will alleviate, and for most people one sort of print is as good as another sort. Denied the solace of the morning and evening papers, possibly even of the latest biography or detective novel,

the citizen, albeit grudgingly, may even accept literature. The magic of the alphabet is unaltered. The runes remain.

I had not imagined that this would be so. I had supposed that, anxious about their rivalry and the hunger of the public for mere news, the great journals would subsidize bell-ringers to parade the Metropolis and its suburbs, crying as they rang "Eight o'clock of a haary morning. The *Daily Gargoyle* makes the following announcement." One after another they would come with every variety of utterance and subject matter, from portentous leaders enlarging on a single platitude to the rescue of a lost cat from a lonely tree; and many an anxious nightcapped head would peer from a window of an upper storey, especially in those quiet districts where television is despised and unknown. But evidently the Fleet Street magnates had realized that any such procedure would be in vain. It was not words for which the maddened populace hungered, it was printer's ink.

I myself like me bit of reading from time to time, and especially at evenfall. More than anything have I missed those lively accounts of cocktail parties given by important people whom I have never seen and most certainly shall never meet. For want of them one day I fell back on *The Great Chronicle of London*, a massive book weighing about 5 lb.

It is hardly topical, since it ends at the reign of Henry VIII, but I found there one good cocktail party in 1483. It seems that Edward IV invited the mayor of London and his brethren the Aldermen in that year to a feast in the forest of Waltham, a feast of all manner of dainties, and venison and Gascoyn wine. His Majesty then went a-hunting and afterwards had conveyed unto the mayeresse and the Aldymennys wyfys two harts and six Bucks and a tunne of the same Gascoyn wine, which they consumed at the Drapers halle.

The story is not well handled, and I could not help wondering whether balding Bill Caxton, the Press tycoon, was among those present, and possibly made a few laughing remarks to radiant Jane Shaw about her new steeple crowned hat. But this, like so much else, must remain a mystery.



Saga in the Suburbs

Arcadia with Amenities



WE are beginning to get used to the convention, now, that we are not an ordinary suburb but a country town in our own right. It is the corn chandler's shop in the High Street, probably, that sets the tone and lifts us out of the rut, and the notices outside stationers' shops, in squiggly capitals with the Ps backwards, which offer to Kill Customers' Poultry. Further quaint rural touches are added by market days. Not for us the ordinary city or suburban market of gilt costume jewellery and cutlery canteens which aren't going for five pounds, nor yet four, nor yet three, but are *given* away for two pounds nineteen and eleven. We have no bales of coconut matting and shiny printed rayon, nor piles of fruit with the little soggy ones at the back, nor brilliant apples sitting on their bruises.

In our market, bicycles and gas cookers and ice-cream-making machines and three-piece suites which have been through many hands already lie huddled together under corrugated-iron roofing waiting to pass through many more. Hoarse-voiced men auction dozens of new-laid eggs, or rabbits guaranteed to have perished other than by myxomatosis, or raspberry canes or piles of horse manure, and at the end of the enclosure men in corduroy breeches, with far-off disinterested stares, slap casually at the rumps of bullocks and scratch the bristly backbones of pigs. This atmosphere is so suddenly rural, such a contrast to the red and metropolitan buses whizzing past on the main road, that the inhabitants are intoxicated.

We too appreciate our position, though perhaps we do not altogether profit by it. We bid far above the market value of the sixth-hand ironing-board, bear

home triumphantly the new incredibly cheap oil stove before we discover that there is no possible means of turning up its wick, and fork out inflated prices for small brownish eggs of unknown vintage just because they haven't been standardized and emasculated by a purple stamp. We also form queues round the lady who is rumoured to supply real farm butter, ready to pay dearly indeed for the distinction of living in a place with Character.

When we first arrived, fresh from the heart of the Metropolis, we had assumed that being on the fringe of the country would keep us out in the fresh air and green fields. In the past we had seldom missed a Sunday outing, rattling south in green trains, toting rucksacks and ordnance maps across country, wolfing picnic lunches, hurrying on to intercept other green trains and go home, just in order that the children should absorb fresh air, learn to shut gates, appreciate





the difference between primroses and cowslips, and fear fields of horses more than fields of cows. But here the countryside is near enough to disregard. Sunburned, untrammelled-looking characters in head-kerchiefs and real gold earrings, who quite obviously come from the painted wagons along the lanes, sit next to us in the cinema or queue beside us for biscuits in the chain store. Our milk comes from cows which, if we took the trouble, we could actually pat. Fresh air, green fields, farms are so obviously there for the asking that after the first frantic exploration of the neighbourhood and the discovery that all good walks start off with the same grey stretch of pavement-lined street, we have seldom bothered to ask. Even our garden, nowadays, gets little more than a disgusted shudder in winter and a little sternly-disciplined mowing and weeding when it is warm. And those who possess exercise-prone dogs prefer to trudge

mournfully with them along the roads rather than plunge into the incalculable mud and hedgerows of the *hinterland*. We have our rural advantages, so we can take them or leave them.

We also have our tamer delights. Nobody who complains about the inroads of TV watching on British social life can have taken a look at our town. All possible inducements to leave the Telly at home vie with one another. There are societies for choral singing and debating—for literature—for Film without the article and with a capital F. There are innumerable societies for drama. There are classes in Russian and cabinet-making—local painters hold sketching week-ends and outdoor and indoor exhibitions. More frankly entertainment, summer dancing and children's concerts in the public parks stimulate those who prefer to stay at home to excited protests about spoon-fed generations.

And in the winter there are whist

drives. Anyone with a Cause, in our locality, runs a regular whist drive to support it. There are the Friends of the Scouts, the Catholics, the Oddfellows, and the two political parties who amicably advertise "Cons' Drive" and "Labs' Drive" on alternate Saturdays. There is no need, always supposing that you like whist, to be anti-social round the Telly on any night except Sunday.

At a loose end on Saturday afternoon one can go to a jumble sale. There is almost always one on in the countless church and chapel halls, Unionist rooms, school assembly halls and so forth which dot the neighbourhood, and endless attics go on disgorging material which its owners have never quite liked to throw away. Sixpence admission—the organizers are not going to let us get away with murder. But we cheerfully pay, confident of returning home triumphant with armloads of fur stoles with moth in, bicycle pumps, rusty metal shelves for spice jars.

All this, there is no denying it, the Metropolis does not supply. Wandering lonely as a cloud in Oxford Street, we did achieve solitude and were far from being caught up in local squabbles and loyalties. We saw superior plays, we visited exhibitions; we could see films directly they appeared instead of waiting, as here, for the release which might or might not come. We could hear exciting lectures, angelic music instead of relying on the canned variety or the left-overs which drift out here. But all this we had to take in solitude, without taking a hand in its creation, without sharing the pleasure with our neighbours before, during and for weeks and weeks afterwards. Living with one's family is, of course, a pleasure that has to be paid for. We still have to work out where one's individuality and personality benefit more—as one of eight million other individuals, or as a member of a family of twenty-five thousand.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON

Cartoon Slams One In

"If Fleming, the young Morton centre, had been a student of Shakespeare (says a correspondent) he would probably have said after scoring that talk-of-the-match goal at Cappelilow on Saturday: 'This is a Forfar better thing than I have done before!'"

Greenock Telegraph

Read All About It



THERE has been much gossip in the taverns of Fleet Street and the City about the possibility of an increase in the price of the "popular" newspapers from 1½d. to 2d. Idle journalists have been trying to assess the effects of such a move on the readership of their columns, on circulation figures, advertising revenue, and their chances of remaining in gainful employment: the City—one optimistic slice of it—has been calculating by how much the revenue and profits of the dailies might improve on the assumption that one farthing of the rumoured increase per copy would be retained by the newspaper proprietors.

The strike has cost the offices as much as £10,000 a day, but the speculative investor has decided that the losses on the roundabouts (higher wages and newsprint costs are estimated at some £2,500 per week for each million of circulation) would be more than offset by the £6,000 per week per million copies yielded by the savings on the swings—at twopence a go. And in consequence there has been some tentative buying and very little selling of newspaper shares. Such is the public's acceptance of inflation as the great universal nostrum of our time. Such is our faith in the runaway mechanism of an acquisitive society.

There is no such optimism in Fleet Street. For several years now it has been obvious that the British appetite for newspapers has reached repletion, and that one paper's circulation can blossom only at another's expense. This explains the various attempts of the major publishers to tap new levels of the market; it explains the expensive struggle between the *Junior Express* and the *Junior Mirror* (the prize is a share of the Hulton comics field plus goodwill for the parent newspaper); it explains the appearance of *Woman's Sunday Mirror* and the Hearst-controlled *She*. And it explains the move towards vertical combination, the acquisition by

Amalgamated Press, the Mirror-Pictorial Group and Associated Newspapers of important interests in newsprint.

This year imports of newsprint will grow by 50,000 tons to a total of 500,000 tons, enough to enable the dailies to print ten-page issues almost every day from September 1. But the extra fare provided might not be enough to prevent circulations and advertising revenues from slipping. The chances are that an increase to twopence per copy would be followed by a pretty steep contraction in demand.

September, 1955, should be quite a month—for fatter newspapers will then compete for the public's time and attention with fatter TV. So far it seems to be assumed that television advertising will make no inroads into newspaper advertising appropriations: indeed, it is argued by some that screen and ad-

column will snowball along in comradely agreement and mutual well-being. Another example, surely of our belief in the efficacy of inflation. But if, as has been suggested, commercial TV absorbs £10 million of the country's advertising expenditure there is at least a risk that Press advertising (£72 million in 1954) will have to take a sharp rap over the knuckles. The interest taken in commercial TV by the newspaper proprietors—Associated Newspapers' interest is decidedly practical—suggests that the risk is fully appreciated by the owners of the knuckles.

With these points in mind one can only counsel caution in the investor's attitude to newspaper equities. Better to wait until September to see which way the autumn breezes are ruffling the pages.

MAMMON

Good Health



IT would be inaccurate to call me a ghoul. But it's true that I have an interest in death. You too might find yourself becoming equally morbid were you to try managing a farm which needs three full-time men on it, and you had to get along with one and the occasional casual.

It's not that I have no accommodation. As a matter of fact, I have three tied cottages. But the trouble is, two are tied. One is inhabited by an ex-pigman who fed his last litter on the farm about the time of Dunkirk. He was then seventy-two and getting too feeble to carry the pails, let alone clean out. So he retired. It looks horribly likely that this dear old chap will continue to live.

And the situation in the other cottage is no more hopeful. There my ex-cowman and wife sit as they've sat for the last ten years. He is now a mere lad of seventy, and by focal averages is good for another fifteen comfortable winters.

I am fond of both these old gaffers. And it would be accurate to say that they

are attached to me. But nevertheless they know that I know it would be most convenient were they to feel that velvet glove on their shoulders and move along. Though I believe the vicar has his problems of accommodation too.

Every time the doctor's car drives out from the village my hopes rise. And with genuine neighbourly interest I trot over to the cottages to ask if the patients require anything.

"They never do," the doctor replies despondently. "They only call me in so as to get their money's worth out of the National Health."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I say ambiguously.

He gets into the car and puts his case of penicillin beside him, looking like a man who has put himself out of work.

"There was a time," he complains, "when I had illnesses to deal with. Now the only disease is boredom. When I started in this parish you could give an old man three years after he'd retired. Then he'd be bound to snuff out with pneumonia. But this," he said, tapping his case, "has put paid to that. And nowadays I'm called out here every fortnight, rain or fine, just to prove that I'm at their beck and call."

"Hasn't he got a chill or even a headache?" I ask, feeling my optimism fading.

"Nothing," he replied, "but a touch of eye-strain from watching television. Otherwise he's in perfect health. Indeed I can assure you that neither of those blokes will ever die unless they want a change of programme."

RONALD DUNCAN



THIS IS THE NEWS

(Dedicated to Mr. Tahu Hole, of the B. B. C. News Service.)

THERE's a pressless hush for the News to-night—
Government changes, the striker's claim—
And the voice of authority falls from the height:
"The weather will be much the same."



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

The Importance of Being Ernest

The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. Charles A. Fenton. Vision Press: Peter Owen, 25/-

MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY, largely through his own fault, occupies an over-dramatized and therefore somewhat artificial position in contemporary literature. It should be stated in the clearest terms that what is important about him is whether or not he is a good writer. His experiences in the two World wars, in the Greco-Turkish war, and in the Spanish civil war, his exploits as a fisherman, as an amateur bull-fighter, or flying his own aeroplane no doubt provided suitable material to make up that seven-eighths of the iceberg which he himself describes every writer as needing. But they are not, in themselves, interesting. Or, rather, if one was interested especially in any of these subjects, there are plenty of other authorities to draw upon, many of them with more serious qualifications to speak of such practical matters.

Indeed, so far from being a great hearty, Mr. Hemingway seems to me a great aesthete: using the word, of course, in its serious sense. He, more than any other novelist, was responsible for clearing the ground of extraneous matter in the 'twenties. It is largely due to him that people are not still writing like Hugh Walpole.

But when you come to examine the Hemingway novels, it is not, on the whole, the scenes of violent action that make the lasting impression. Conrad, for example, a novelist whose approach is the extreme reverse from the swash-buckling, self-conscious Hemingway manner, is a far greater master of the violent scene. Hemingway's power lies rather in describing a man unhappily in love (as in *Fiesta*), or small groups of people talking together (like the Italian mess in *A Farewell to Arms*). The short stories (*The Mother of a Queen*) provide many good examples of sensitive and satirical observation. There is much good stuff in *Death in the Afternoon*—again on the discursive rather than the violent side—while the conversation

about American literature is perhaps the best thing in *Green Hills of Africa*. For *Whom the Bell Tolls* seems to me a failure, *Across the River* even worse, and I do not share recent enthusiasm for *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Now Mr. Charles A. Fenton comes along with a book that describes Hemingway's life up to the time when he wrote *Fiesta*—or, as it was called in America, *The Sun Also Rises*. It is a most interesting account of the making of a writer, and it bears out, what has

is hinted at, though never fully explained.

This account of his life as a young and capable journalist shows the foundation of his writing. To the background of highly efficient professional journalism was added the impact of Gertrude Stein, whom Hemingway met in France. That curious woman, whose own works are of such limited interest, undoubtedly acted as an important stimulating force on others. It was so with Hemingway, and the result of her influence on him altered the whole tendency of American and English writing during the next twenty years.

When Hemingway went to France in 1918 it was as a driver (with the rank of honorary second-lieutenant) in an ambulance unit. Mr. Fenton quotes a fact, probably not generally known, that Henry James in November, 1914, wrote a twelve-page patriotic pamphlet called *The American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps in France*: "The pamphlet was distinctly in the prose of James's late period. He described the suffering of the wounded. 'Carried mostly by rude arts, a mercy much hindered at the best, to the shelter often hastily improvised, at which first aid becomes possible for them, they are there, as immediately and tenderly as possible, stowed in our waiting or arriving cars, each of which receives as large number as may be consistent with the particular suffering state of the stricken individual.'"

Without saying a word against the greatness of James as a novelist, it will be seen that there was certainly something in the way of style for writers like Hemingway to react against.

ANTHONY POWELL



been said above, that the remarkable thing about Hemingway is not his various excursions into the world of action but his determination, formed at an early age, to produce a powerful technique of writing.

This may sound a dull subject, but Mr. Fenton, in a humdrum, unpretentious way, manages to make it extremely interesting—that is if you are interested in how authors begin to write. We are shown Hemingway at school, beginning his journalistic career on the *Kansas City Star*, and gradually finding his way to the famous newspaper the *Toronto Star*, which he worked for in Canada and represented during his early period in Paris. The unhappiness of his early days in Oak Park, Illinois,

At the Races

Starter's Orders. Elizabeth Eliot. Cassell, 10/6

It is a long time since I read a "Romance of the Turf," with honest, puzzled trainers, stable-lads, doped favourites, the Stewards, unpaid bills, honour at stake and a good deal of early rising. I quite enjoyed this one, which I wrongly expected to be something like its author's *Henry* or *Alice*. It is, of

course, an excellent thing to get out of a rut, and all the information about racing agreeably clothes a firmly-built whodunit plot; but the love affair of the trainer and the very, very elegant heroine, who attempts to clear him behind his back, is really in the tradition neither of Nat Gould nor of Lady Elizabeth Eliot. There is some *soigné* interior monologue and the heroine's manoeuvres are described with an ingenuous breathlessness that reads like the end of *Martin Chuzzlewit* or even late Anthony Berkeley. However, it is a good thing to see the scope of English fiction widening again to include interests shared by so many of the population.

R. G. G. P.

Going to the Wars. John Verney. Collins, 12/6

"Amateur" soldiering in the Yeomanry; the Cavalry Division in Palestine in 1940; a quasi-commando operation against a Sicilian airfield with a very irregular force: John Verney has done it all in the weren't-we-all-sillies style. In spite of its immediate attractions, it's not really a very valuable style, because to avoid the suggestion that men's lives were entrusted to idle or stupid officers the facts have to be tricked up with a thick *maquillage* of fiction, so that when you come to the heroic bits you don't know whether or not they are true and therefore withhold the admiration they ought to evoke.

On the other hand, if the mocking, cynical approach is meant to reveal the basic idiocy of war, Mr. Verney should have guarded more carefully against the admiration he obviously felt for almost everyone, nice or nasty, with whom he came into contact. Perhaps it is best to think of *Going to the Wars* simply as an enormously elaborate letter home. On that level it is immensely entertaining;



"Other men have come back out of retirement to serve the Party in its hour of need—let's ask him."

and while it may fairly be forgotten as soon as read, it leaves the reader looking forward happily to the next letter.

B. A. Y.

The Winds of Heaven. Monica Dickens. Michael Joseph, 12/6

This novel is about old age, or as near old age as makes little difference to anyone save the person most concerned, an important period, the harvest-home of life. Louise Bickford, widow of a nasty husband, is left so poor that her fate is to be handed round among her three daughters in the summer and stored cheaply in a friend's queer residential hotel for the winter. She seems unlikely to garner anything that her simplicity, courage and kindness deserve, but we leave her with prospects of an "unhoped serene" just suited to her and not so unhoped, either, only the hopes are little ones.

How alive these people are, how well Miss Dickens knows and draws poor, stumbling humanity, and how mellow she has grown since first she commenced author. Her distinguished ancestor might well, in his place among the latest batch of Established English Literary Immortals, congratulate himself that part at least of his mantle has fallen upon her.

B. E. S.

Theatrical Companion to Shaw. Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. Rockliff, 42/-

Mr. Mander and Mr. Mitchenson are the truffle-hounds of our theatre, bringing to light rich prizes from the subsoil of stage history. Their long nosing among the roots of Shaw has now produced a book which will satisfy the most ardent Shavian's thirst for information. Each play is treated in chronological order, with a synopsis, details of the first performances and casts, notes which include unpublished author's directions, and many photographs illustrating different productions.

When was *Major Barbara* filmed? Which was the first play to be broadcast? Who published *Passion, Poison and Petrification*? Who was the first Mrs. Warren? All the conceivable answers are here, in addition to articles on special aspects of Shaw by Dame Sybil Thorn-dike, Sir Lewis Casson, Sir Barry Jackson and others who worked with him in the theatre. Altogether this is a wonderfully comprehensive and useful record, which has unearthed a surprising number of errors in the standard books of reference.

E. O. D. K.

The Road Awaits. Peter Lanham. Collins, 12/6

When the life of a Briton, imbued with the pride of a thousand years of freedom, runs in close contact over a long span with that of a Boer, infused with the arrogance of the far horizon, the result can be friction to the detriment of the Briton. This is the basis of Mr. Lanham's novel depicting an Englishman writing

his life story from a prison cell while awaiting sentence for his actions which were the culmination of many years of provocation at the hands of an Afrikaner of fanatically Nationalist convictions.

The author has drawn on his experiences in the Indian Army during the first World War and service in the South African Air Force during the second World War to combine with his understanding of racial problems between the Zulus, Indians and Afrikaners, the events leading up to the coming into power of the Nationalist Party. He has written an enjoyable book but a glossary of the meanings of the Afrikaans expressions he uses would add to its pleasure. A. V.

Rossini. Francis Toye. Arthur Barker, 16/-

'Undisputed master of musical Venice (almost indeed of Northern Italy) when little more than a boy, supreme writer of music for gallantry and perhaps the only great composer who might be said to be of the school of Mozart, Rossini was long neglected in this country. Knowledge of even his life was restricted to the entirely mistaken notion that he was "so lazy that he wrote his music in bed and retired in early middle age to enjoy social life and the pleasures of the table"! He was an epicure, not a glutton, in both musical and personal spheres; a man of brilliant wit and exceptional technique in his craft, although with a burning enthusiasm for many deeper ideals that his outward mask of sophistication—often assumed to cover inward depression, disappointment or illness—concealed from even his close friends.

This new edition of Mr. Toye's gay and informative biography shows Rossini as a true product of his times—times from which he said he was determined to retire when they became concerned "with steam, rapine and barricades."

J. D.

The Fugitive. Jean Hougron. Hurst and Blackett, 12/6

French novelists would seem fortunate in the number of literary prizes by which their efforts may be rewarded: though the prizewinning works recently published over here show no marked technical advance upon those produced by their English confrères during the 1930s. *The Fugitive*, awarded the Grand Prix du Roman by the French Academy, is particularly reminiscent of this earlier period, with its short staccato sentences and briefly-sketched background detail; the currency-racket and brother-sister relationship which land M. Hougron's hero, Horcier, in his initial predicament are so rapidly skated over as to appear perfunctory, while the basic theme (growth to manhood of terrified twenty-three-year-old by contact with superstitious famine-and-fever-stricken native villagers) is more typical of the Hollywood scenario department than of the serious novelist. On the other hand,

Horcier's relations with the Vietnamese peasant family which harbours him in his flight, and the picture of conditions obtaining during the Indo-Chinese war, are vividly (and sometimes movingly) conveyed to the reader. Mr. Mervyn Savill's translation is, as always, impeccable.

J. M.-R.

AT THE PLAY



Twelfth Night
(STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)
The Bad Seed (ALDWYCH)
Maurice Chevalier (PALACE)

IT seemed fair to expect a great deal of a *Twelfth Night* produced by JOHN GIELGUD and containing a Malvolio by LAURENCE OLIVIER, a Viola by VIVIEN LEIGH. This opening production at Stratford is, of course, an improvement on anything we saw there in last year's meagre season, but considering the talents now assembled it remains strangely disappointing. Sir LAURENCE has chosen to give Malvolio a rather tortured lisp, as of an aspiring barrow-boy earnestly improving his English at night-school; and though the trick of speech is mastered with the utmost skill, it is difficult to see how it helps. Again, his Malvolio is subdued in the early scenes to nothing more than a reasonable disciplinarian, and is therefore not a man whose pretensions in any way justify the hatred of his fellows. He is very funny in the letter scene, and in his final interview with Olivia pathetic with a most touching dignity; but it is only intermittently the full Malvolio.

As a boy Miss LEIGH is charming, as Viola herself curiously unromantic. Her performance is as clear as crystal, and as cold; it conveys with precision everything except emotion. ALAN WEBB's Sir Toby goes only some of the way; raffish and lovable, certainly, but on a minor scale that stops short of robustness. MICHAEL DENISON's Aguecheek is more complete, an amusing study of a jittery ninny that would seem better in a production where the interior scenes were lit well enough to get the effect of the actors' faces, and not so darkly as they are here. Neither ANGELA BADDELEY's Maria nor KEITH MICHELL's Orsino have the force one would have anticipated, the latter losing in an unnecessarily affected manner.

On the other side, a really beautiful Olivia from MAXINE AUDLEY, full of grace and feeling, and an honest Feast from EDWARD ATIENZA, who sings the songs memorably. And visually there is much to delight in MALCOLM PRIDE's dresses and in his delicately architectural sets, where all kinds of gentle felicities can be discovered, such as the glow of light on the slanting roofs of shadowed buildings. This is exceptional work, refreshingly unobtrusive, and marred only by the lowering of the shipwreck gauze in front of a lovely curtain of the Illyrian seaport—a perplexing montage



Viola—VIVIEN LEIGH

Sir Andrew Aguecheek—MICHAEL DENISON
Malvolio—LAURENCE OLIVIER[*Twelfth Night*]

presumably intended, since it happened twice. LESLIE BRIDGEWATER's music adds to the pleasures of an evening which, judged on the level of such a cast, also misses a sad list of opportunities.

For the sake of those who have not read WILLIAM MARCH's novel of the same name, it would be a pity to give away the plot of *The Bad Seed*, MAXWELL ANDERSON's adaptation; but no tremors will be spoiled if one says that it is about a small American girl of picture-book innocence who is gradually discovered by her mother to be a ruthless and habitual murderer. An episodic play in eight scenes, it gathers tension quickly, holds it uncertainly with only an occasional rise in pitch, and ends with a stroke of irony which is intellectually satisfactory, but comes, in its stage context, as an anti-climax. The story is too contrived, and has one entirely superfluous character; it has little of the terrifying economy of *The Turn of the Screw* (which is often in mind), and sometimes its excitement drains away in soggy sentimentality. But all the same the excitement is there, and although I feel the acting flatters the play it has scenes which will leave the flabbiest knuckles white.

The women's parts are more sharply written than the men's, and are taken extremely well. Playing the agonized mother, DIANA WYNARD is scarcely off the stage and never puts a foot wrong in a performance of beautiful control. MIRIAM KARLIN, as the pathetic drunken

mother of one of Rhoda's victims, MARGALO GILLMORE, as the strong-minded neighbour on whom everyone leans, and JOAN SANDERSON, as the acid and anxious headmistress, are all excellent, and in admirable contrast; and, finally, CAROL WOLVERIDGE, whose heart-freezing little girl in *The Innocents* had nothing on Rhoda. Miss WOLVERIDGE's job is to give this scarifying morsel a coating of case-hardened sugar, and she does it with just enough slyness to chill the blood. The men travel a more conventional road, except for BERNARD BRESLAW, who gets a disturbing power from a clever study of a shambling Mice and Men character who rumbles Rhoda from the start.

MAURICE CHEVALIER comes back to London making wistful little jokes about his age—needlessly, for he is still a great artist, and he still has the power to hold an audience enthralled through a whole programme of the songs which he introduces so engagingly with his own personal blend of mime and calculatedly broken English. It is enough that he should be on the stage chatting to us as no other Frenchman can, and it seems almost in the nature of a bonus that he should be able to sing so gaily, so touchingly, as well. Some of his songs are new, and good, but naturally those one likes best are the ones charged with remembered magic, like "Place Pigalle" and "Louise." A ticket at the Palace guarantees two hours of the authentic ozone of Paris.

ERIC KEOWN

IN THE PRESS

Cry in the Wilderness

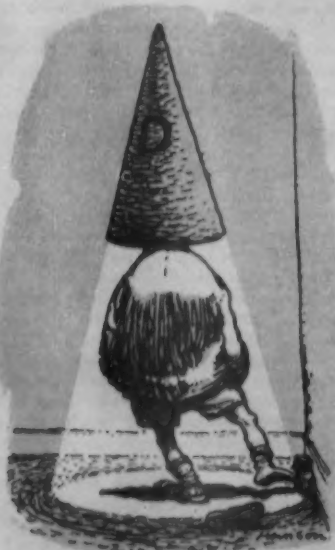
ON the thirteenth day of the newspaper strike the broadsheet *London Cry* reported Sir Winston's resignation, advertised sub-tropical bathing in Yugoslavia, and impartially attacked the Press Association, the E.T.U. and the A.E.U. This was the broadsheet's finest hour.

On the previous day it had forecast the day and hour of Churchill's choosing, by acting swiftly on a well-informed rumour from the Children's Television Service of the B.B.C. Television cameras had spotted *London Cry* in Downing Street. Unscrupulous middlemen had sold the sixpenny copies as five-shilling souvenirs.

Peter Baker, *London Cry's* proprietor, was proving himself the type of editor that a crisis creates. When the news agencies refused him a racing service for less than £8,000 a year, he made his own starting prices and forecasts, choosing two winners and a place, with a pin. When newsagents ignored him, he sold his broadsheet at the stations, rehearsing his shout between trains. Sympathizers taught him to pile coins on his news stand to encourage custom and to linger over every copy that he sold, in the hope of creating a queue.

London Cry was being heard. Its Stock Exchange column began "Newspaper shares remain steady, surprisingly..." The price of the broadsheet was about to drop from 6d. to 3d., a penny cheaper than the rival sheet *Flash* for the week-end.

Advertisers and newsvendors were expressing interest, the proprietor's wife arranging extra baby watching so that she might lead a circulation drive.



Just then, *London Cry* was silenced. The London Society of Composers almost had it stoned to death. The union demanded that all employees of a firm concerned with *London Cry* must be paid full newspaper rates or abandon the broadsheet. Thereafter, these employees concentrated on printing seed catalogues, for seed catalogue electricians were not on strike.

For six days *London Cry* did not appear. On the fifth day, Easter Monday, a Polish typesetter had volunteered to serve, as he was self-employed and unafraid. He was also unused to fast work in English. In the early hours of Tuesday, with work uncompleted on the murder report and the picture wired from Moscow, the proprietor read the proof beginning "It was Crush Monday everywhere," then gave up in despair.

Yet, within twenty-four hours, he had another printing plant and another murder to report. *London Cry* appeared again. *London Cry* attacked the defenceless *Daily Mirror*.

Meanwhile, the *Mirror's* office-cleaners had gone on strike.



AT THE BALLET

Antonio and His Spanish Ballet Company (SAVILLE)

Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company (WINTER GARDEN)

IT would take more than a stoppage of London newspapers to stop the admirers of Antonio from knowing that, having ended his prescribed season at the Palace Theatre (now the scene nightly of Maurice Chevalier's unmatched mastery of an audience) he had begun a new one at the Saville. His vociferous compatriots are so numerous represented at his performances that one wonders where the London Spanish go when the curtain finally falls on Flamenco joys. Do they metaphorically hibernate until their idol returns to whip their passions in rapture?

ANTONIO can do no wrong—that is evident. His new mixture was swallowed with the same eager relish which his original offering of predominantly Spanish dancing excited. Now the programme is divided into three parts. In the first there is dancing, mainly by the *corps de ballet* to eighteenth-century Spanish music in costumes of the seventeenth-century which include ballet shoes. Without their heels the ladies invite comparison with any proficient ballet troupe. There seems no strong reason for doing so—except the unrestrained applause which rewards their rather undistinguished display.

In the middle place is a new version by ANTONIO of the "pantomime ballet," *Amor Brujo*, by GREGORIO MARTINEZ SIERRA. An elaborate stage setting deploys the characters on several planes and there is every promise of a highly exciting drama of gipsy love, sorcery and

vanquished evil. But, somehow, for all its passions and its swirling bodies, to say nothing of a ritual fire-dance, the ignition-key seems to have been mislaid.

By 9.30 ANTONIO and his talented company—notably CARMEN ROJAS, a young dancer with a grand sense of comedy, ANTONIO MAIRENA, unexcelled Flamenco singer and PACO RUIZ, second only to ANTONIO—are restored to their true kingdom. Thereafter, till the curtain falls to rise again and again on repetitions, we have the dash and brilliance and sparkling virtuosity of that which we are accustomed to acclaim as authentic Spanish dancing and singing.

The Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company is on its first visit to England. It was formed in 1951 and comprises one hundred and fifteen performers said to be selected from the best Bulgarian dancers, singers and musicians. None is named in the programme, and there is, indeed, little individual prominence. The most striking effect is produced when the curtain rises on forty women and girls ranged in a semi-circle with their arms linked and their uniform peasant dresses diversified by magnificent aprons falling from waist to ankle. So ranged they sing unaccompanied with charming modulation. The effect of the rustic songs is enhanced by the shining morning faces of the singers. Men of the team provide the beat of the dancing—virile and vigorous in the Slavonic tradition. An orchestra using strange stringed and wind instruments contributes in its lively but rather thin way to the strong rhythmic pattern which dominates the evening's pleasures.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE CONCERT

Symphony No. 10 in E Minor, Op. 93. By SHOSTAKOVICH (Festival Hall)

THE programme notes, read among others by Mr. Jacob Malik and retinue up in the Royal box, said how DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH had all but squirmed for his new symphony before the Soviet Commission on Musical Criticism... Wrote it too quickly. Nobody ought to write in a hurry, especially me. Of four movements one is too short, three are too long. *Mea culpa*. Will try to do better next time...

In fairness it must be allowed that this self-slating itch is older than the régime that enforces it. Consider Tchaikovsky on his Fifth Symphony (1888): "My new symphony is a failure. There is something repellent, superfluous, patchy and insincere about it... Am I played out?" This was a private avowal, true; but Modeste Tchaikovsky printed it with relish after his brother's death. Tchaikovsky-haters have been impotently throwing it in the teeth of Tchaikovsky-lovers ever since. It takes more than the

man who wrote it to kill a symphony, if the thing has merit.

Whether SHOSTAKOVITCH's Tenth has merit in the overriding, truly symphonic sense is debatable. Its ingredient merits, on the other hand, are not in doubt. This first English performance by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Sir ADRIAN BOULT left me with several episodes in my head which I crave to rehear. The brooding, involuted opening on the double basses, for instance. And the clarinet tune that floats out and up from these glooms. A good three-quarters of the Allegretto is delicious going; this music is as deft as anything Prokofiev wrote and offers an utterly new line, although you may find this hard to credit, in romantic horn calls. Of the finale I endorse a good half. The oboe at the beginning is elegantly cold and elegiac. Frivolous goings-on follow for piccolo and two flutes and later for solo bassoon. These are as creatively in the Tchaikovskian tradition as Stravinsky's *Baiser de la Fée*. No taint of "epigonism" here.

But there are bad as well as good things in the parcel. The excitements of the Scherzo are blatantly factitious. In the finely-groomed Allegretto, as elsewhere, there are what seem calculated lapses into loud rhythmic commonplace. When you write a symphony in the U.S.S.R. you have to put in something for everybody, with a pretty high priority for the groundlings.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

The Vanishing Prairie
Black Widow

IT is not easy to apportion the credit for the Disney "True-Life Adventure" nature films. The second feature-length one, *The Vanishing Prairie* (Director: JAMES ALGAR), is as fascinatingly full of wonderful stuff as the first, *The Living Desert*; and yet it is practically certain that these sometimes almost miraculous colour pictures of animals and birds would be just as well worth seeing if they were strung together with no kind of plan or design and with the barest minimum of explanatory commentary.

It is arguable in fact that they would be better worth seeing, for often the commentary tends to be facetious, and it is nearly always chattily anthropomorphic ("mother" this, "father" that, and so on). Moreover one must infer that some of the sequences that are presented as continuous episodes, where an animal or a bird is supposed to set out with the idea of doing some particular thing and is finally shown doing it, must have been built up from lucky flashes caught, possibly by several photographers (eleven are named as having a hand in this picture), over weeks and very likely months of patient watchfulness.

However, it is certain that a vast number of people like the chatty tone



[The Vanishing Prairie]

and the facetiously-arranged music (and sometimes even at its most facetious the music is very successfully amusing), and the sheer visual pleasure of these photographs would be powerful enough to counteract far more irritating treatment than this. To be sure, the pleasure is not purely visual: it must be affected very much by one's natural liking for the subject or subjects as real living things—just as the scenes with the scorpion, the tarantula and the wasp in *The Living Desert* had to overcome (and did not, for many people) an automatic reaction of distaste; nevertheless the overtone of pictorial beauty is there.

This time there are hardly any unpleasant creatures at all. From the fighting buffalo to the comedian duck, from the gracefully leaping cougar to the yapping little prairie dog (cousin of the ground-squirrel), there is nothing except perhaps the rattlesnake to give anyone the shivers. Almost every moment of the film is fascinating.

I enjoyed *Black Widow* (Director: NUNNALLY JOHNSON) very much: a cracking good whodunit, with astringent, often funny, unusually adult dialogue, good playing, and an intensely gripping basic situation.

This was produced and written by the director—always a promising circumstance—from a story by PATRICK QUENTIN, the main point of which is that a man whom we feel (for no logical reason, of course) to be innocent is more and more strongly suspected of murder, treated with progressively less consideration by people who assume him guilty, and put in the alarming position of

having to "slam around town like a TV detective" in an effort to find evidence that will help him before it is too late. The situation of the sympathetic character fighting desperately against what seem to be fearful odds is an intensely powerful and effective basis for a story, and VAN HEFLIN excellently makes the most of his predicament.

GINGER ROGERS is a joy as a reigning Broadway actress with a poisonous tongue, and the other parts are all well taken. The scenes, ranging from close-knit police interviews to the lightest possible duologue, are handled with great variety of mood. CinemaScope shows what it can do with nothing obviously spectacular to work on (there are, for instance, some very attractive visuals of the interior of a lofty New York apartment, by day and night), and the whole thing adds up to a most satisfying ninety-five minutes.

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There's a good new one about the (peace-time) sea, with interesting Merchant Navy detail and good acting: *Passage Home*, at the Leicester Square. More about it next week. It seems likely that when these words appear *Seven Samurai* (2/3/55) will still be showing at the Academy, the bright Italian comedy *The Overcoat* at the Curzon, and the very moving, impressive, worthwhile *Children of Hiroshima* at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

One not-to-be-missed new release: *Carmen Jones* (19/1/55). A more conventional musical with many good points is *Young at Heart* (16/2/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Something to Look At

IT seems to be commonly agreed that as announcer and interpreter of news the spoken word is no adequate substitute for the printed symbol. This is something the newspaper famine has taught us. The B.B.C.'s sound News and television "News and Newsreel" have given us telegrams when we have all (or most of us) longed for chatty letters: we have existed on an indigestible diet of headlines and news stories not of our own choosing.

Inevitably the B.B.C. has been blamed for the dearth of comment and gossip, and in some measure the criticism is, I think, justified. It ought to have been possible, once the seriousness of the stoppage became evident, to offer Fleet Street temporary accommodation on the air. The Third Programme could have been re-scrambled without causing untold suffering, and its time devoted to news as seen and made by the big dailies—an hour of *The Times* followed by an hour of the *Mirror*, and so on. I agree that there are formidable snags to this suggestion—the problem, for example, of devising a fair distribution of political slant—but the experiment, however crude, might have proved more acceptable than the timid, bureaucratic tinkering with which the B.B.C. met the challenge.

In all fairness I ought to add that any drastic upheaval in the *Radio Times* schedule would sadden far more people than any newspaper strike: and *Radio Times*, as we all know, goes to press weeks ahead of publication (throughout the stoppage it has been announced that Hugh Ross Williamson would follow up "an item of news that caught his eye in



[Café Continental]

PIRE AUGUSTE EDMUNDO ROS HENRY CALDWELL

this morning's paper"), is the vade-mecum of millions, and is widely regarded as a reassuring and inflexible element of the British Constitution.

The television service supplemented its "News and Newsreel" by introducing a nightly clutch of Fleet Street Commentators, most of whom seemed like fish out of water before the cameras and bright lights. They came hot foot from the tape machines, apparently bursting with unprinted news and desperately anxious to unload it, but what they had to say seemed unbelievably trivial and stale. The repeated reminder that momentous news was piling up in the newspaper offices and the implied notion that journalists were suffering terrible pangs of frustration had a decidedly hollow ring.

Belated amends were made for the poor coverage of the Tests in Australia in an excellent programme called "Cricket Round the Hearth." The performer to sparkle here was R. W. V. Robins whose

engaging personality is as welcome on the screen as it was in his playing days at Lord's. Antony Craxton presented this brief confabulation in a warm and friendly setting.

Another first-rate telecast was Billy Graham's bible-thumping, Good Friday sermon from Kelvin Hall. The cameras were used very intelligently, so that something of the tense atmosphere of the hall was reproduced on the screen. Graham is a superb demagogue. His mastery of the tricks of the trade holds the attention even when the burden of his remarks is dreary, repetitious and unreasonable, and it is not difficult to see why he has such a large following.

At times during this sermon I was bemused into thinking that he had something to sell, something in the extra-large economy pack, and when he urged his would-be converts to be quick, to get up there before the rostrum now, I could almost see the foot of the door-to-door salesman firmly planted in the doorway. I am all for Billy Graham when he urges the need for a change of heart; but can such dramatic, emotional and exhibitionist conversions as he inspires prove more than a seven-days wonder? Every year when the calendar reminds us of human frailty and the transience of life millions of us are moved to make dramatic resolutions, and millions of us know that such last-minute evangelizing pays poor dividends.

Café Continental has succeeded in the past very largely because it has substituted mime and gibberish for the conventional cross-talk patter of B.B.C. comedy. Unhappily this golden rule was forgotten in the bumper Easter edition and the result was one of the dreariest shows on record. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



Douglas

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"How lovely!" sighed the Distinguished Visitor, clapping his hands. "And then what do you call them?"

"Stork Margarine," said the Stork.

"Stork Margarine?" said the Distinguished Visitor suspiciously. "What does it taste like?"

"Not like margarine!" said the Stork.

"How lovely!" said the Distinguished Visitor. "Can you stand on one leg?"

"Certainly!" said the Stork. "But why?"

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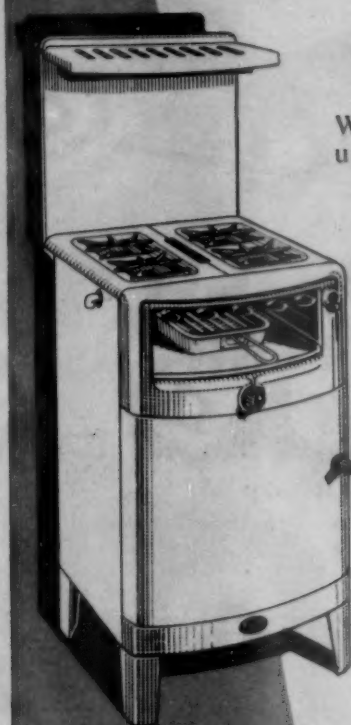


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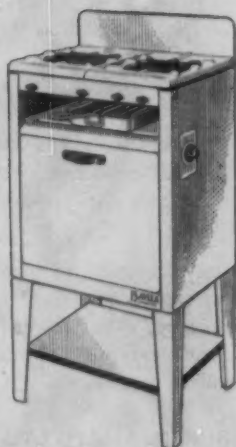
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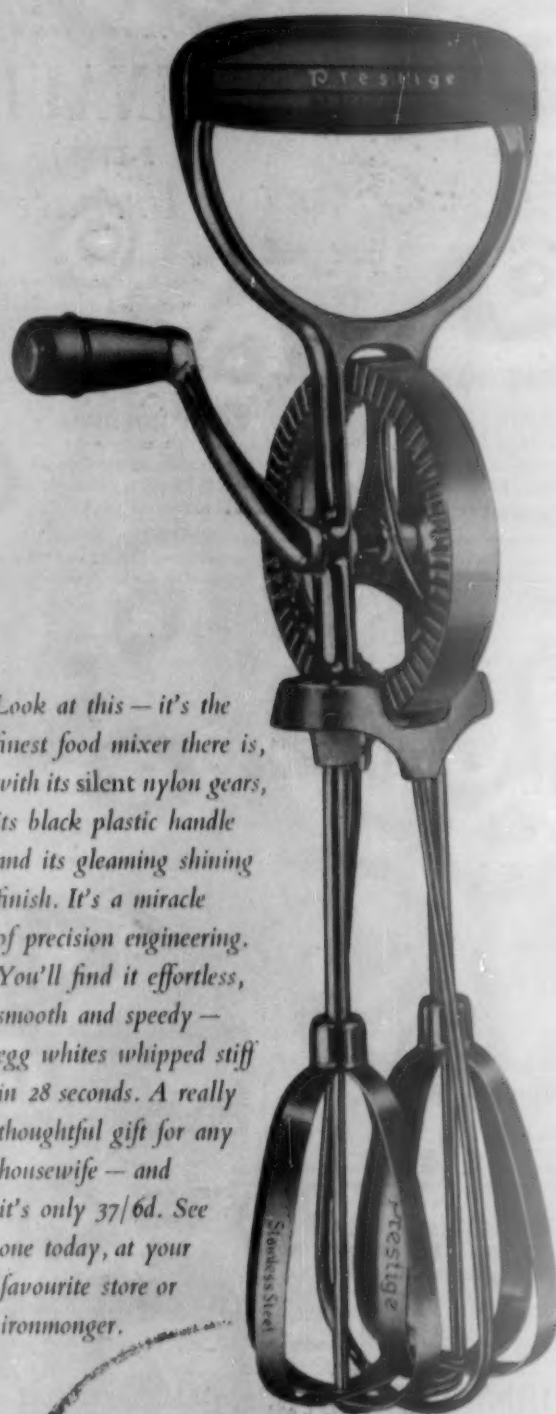
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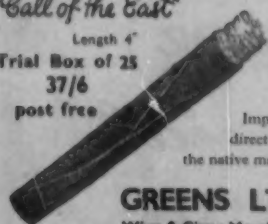
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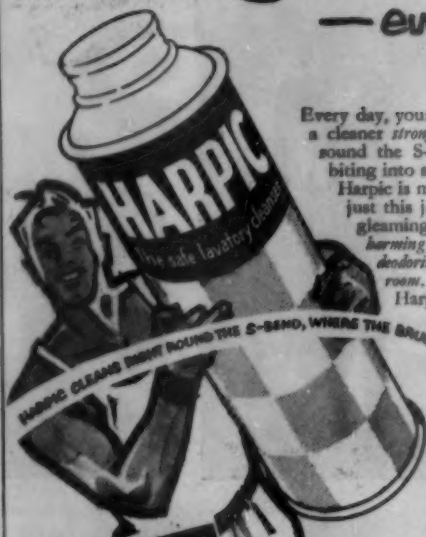
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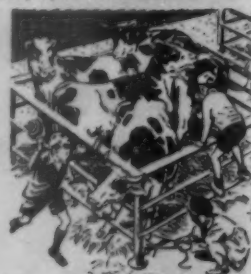
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Thanks to R.S.P.C.A. Inspectors' activities and co-operation by local authorities, auctioneers, the N.F.U. and others, much has been done in market-towns to improve the lot of cattle, pigs and poultry awaiting sale. Roomier pens, adequate water and shelter from heat, cold and rain, regulation of traffic and pedestrians (particularly teasing children) are just some of the reforms they seek to effect.

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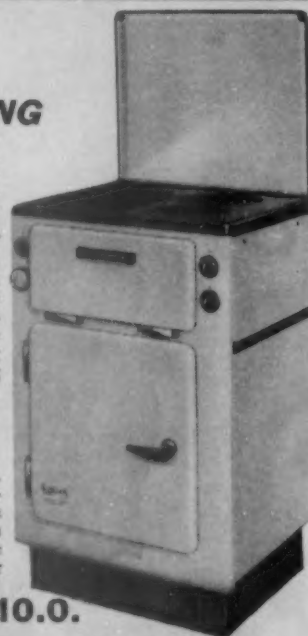
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A King's Ransom for the KIDNAPPERS

There's a price on their heads. It runs into millions. It will be paid in more than half a hundred currencies. The two small boys who play the leading roles in *THE KIDNAPPERS* are capturing the hearts of cinemagoers everywhere.

'BOX-OFFICE GEM'

A TALE of a Nova Scotia settlement during the early days of the century, *THE KIDNAPPERS* has an immediate appeal for the Canadian market. That means important dollar earnings. And it is being given a good showing in Canada helped by the Odeon circuit there—built up by the Rank Organisation to more than 100 theatres within seven years.

In Toronto *THE KIDNAPPERS* ran for 15 weeks, in Ottawa, for 17. In Vancouver province it created an all-time record—159 days against the normal playing time of 42 days.

Reports from Canada say that the film was 'the box-office gem of 1954 and is continuing to be the same thing in 1955'.

PAID IN DOLLARS

IN THE United States *THE KIDNAPPERS* appeared on 'ten best films of 1954' lists in New York's *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *World*



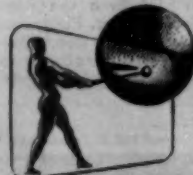
Telegram and Sun, as well as in *Time* magazine. America's National Board of Review of Motion Pictures placed it fourth in its list of the ten best foreign films.

Yet this enchanting and highly successful film was created by a small cast of actors, an unassuming story, and the simplest of settings.

THE CHOICE IS THEIRS

THE pattern which the Rank Group has laid down for film exhibition in Canada is repeated throughout the Commonwealth; but nowhere are there hard and fast rules as to the films shown. The final choice is always with the country concerned.

That the British can make good films is proved by past and present successes in all parts of the world. But the making of films is only one aspect of a vast industry. Success in distributing and exhibiting them world-wide is clear from the fact that last year 50% of the Rank Organisation's film earnings came from abroad.



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at toes and heels.
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A DOUBLE DIAMOND
works wonders

The Ant and the Grasshopper



... were on holiday in France. "I'll take charge"
said Ant, and started to work
out routes, costs and times.

"I find" he said at last,

"that ideal travel is

a combination of speed, comfort and economy!"

* Grasshopper chuckled. "That's exactly
why I bought
these train
tickets" he said.

... Which points

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that it is best
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For instance:

ROAD - RAIL TICKETS at reduced
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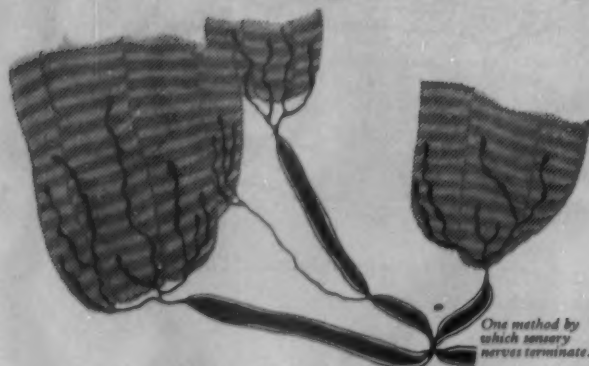
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Your Nerves can cause your sleeplessness



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How Sanatogen helps you

A well-adjusted nervous system depends on healthy, growing nerve cells. These nerve cells need protein and phosphorus to function properly; without enough they "starve", and you suffer accordingly. Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus, to your nerve cells, thus helping to vitalize, strengthen and stabilize your entire nervous framework.

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen has an exceptional tonic action.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms—excessive worrying, depression, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous energy Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

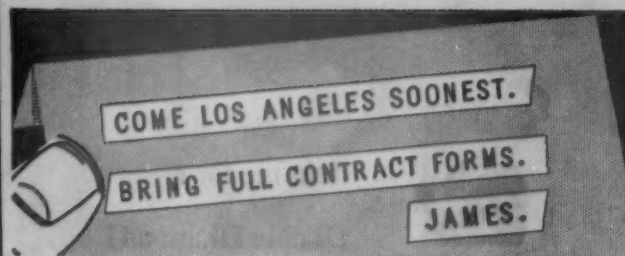
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THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



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... in TWA's good hands all the way. They do all the worrying about arranging through flights for you... their knowledge of America makes it easy for them... it'll save you a lot of time and trouble".



It did, too... as soon as I boarded their Constellation—they've got the largest fleet of them in the world—everyone in TWA seemed to be working for my comfort... talk about morale-building...

... when I arrived at Los Angeles, I felt completely calm, collected and rarin' to go... good thing I was... James and I had a pretty hard selling job to do for those contracts we wanted.



Coming home? We felt we'd earned the right to celebrate with the sort of food and drinks TWA provides... as I told James, "Can't think why we ever flew any other way. Let's hurry back TWA—it'll give us time to relax".



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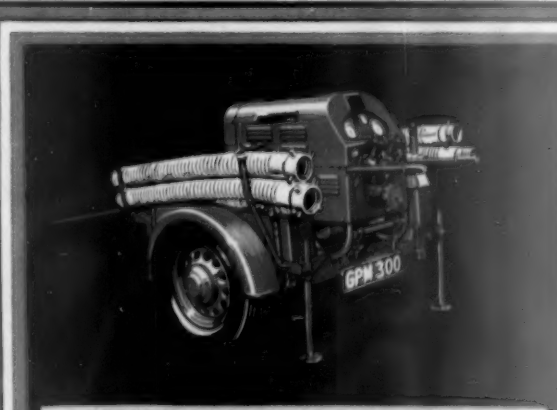


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